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BY PAUL SIOCVOLK.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE: THE BLITHEDALE ROMANCE.

As often as a man of real *genius* rises above the routine of mere *talent*, I feel stir within me a resistless impulse to cry out from the housetop, 'All hail!' I would fain proclaim the munificent boon of PROVIDENCE to the busy myriads who, 'to dumb forgetfulness a prey,' are unconscious that they 'lodge an angel unawares.' I do love a man of genius. Nay, I can give him my admiration without stint, although he have

— 'such seething brains,
Such shaping fantasies, that APPREHEND
More than cool reason ever *comprehends*.'

Some time since, in a former number of this series, I made a humble attempt to say what materials should compose the definition of *genius*.^{*} If I were now writing an essay upon Hawthorne, I should wish to repeat what I said there, and hold up Hawthorne as a *talented man of genius*.

'The Blithedale Romance!' 'Romance!' 'Wild, extravagant story!' A tale of 'actions and adventures of an unusual and wonderful character, soaring beyond the limits of fact and real life, and often of probability!' Is it so? Is it not an 'o'er true tale?' Romance indeed! It is the very quintessential aroma of fact and real life. It is truth. A sweet, solemn, sad requiem to youthful enthusiasm!

One of the most striking peculiarities of Hawthorne is the positive place and prominent position he accords to a very large class of mental phenomena that have hitherto passed almost wholly unnoticed by novelists—in fact, by writers of belles-lettres generally. I know not how better to illustrate clearly to what I allude, than by referring to ELIA'S

^{*} SEE April Number, 1852.

fine essay upon what he is pleased to call 'Imperfect Sympathies,' wherein 'among other things,' as the lawyers say, he thus describes *negatively* the Caledonian intellect: 'His understanding is always at its meridian; you never see the *first dawn*, the *early streaks*. He has no *falterings of self-suspicion*. Surmises, guesses, misgivings, *half intuitions*, *semi-consciousnesses*, *partial illuminations*, *dim instincts*, *embryo conceptions*, have no place in his brain or vocabulary. *The twilight of dubiety* never falls upon him. You cannot hover with him upon the *confines of truth*, or wander in the maze of a probable argument.'

Now to my comprehension Hawthorne is superlatively anti-Caledonian. There are so many peculiar passages scattered in rich profusion up and down his writings exemplifying this, that I am half tempted to call them *Hawthornisms*. They are to be distinguished from a mawkish craving after the supernatural and the sentimental that disfigures the works of weaker men. Hawthorne, from his thorough self-knowledge and much 'nice learning' out of the book of human nature, in dealing with these subtle elements, knows precisely what he is about, and precisely how far to go. He knows the ground he treads upon, and he treads it fearlessly. The least timidity would involve wretched failure. He follows the advice of Sir Philip Sidney, 'Look into thy heart and write.'

This book abounds with these things, not, however, severable from the text. Still I have noted a few passages to illustrate my meaning. Here (at page 25) is an instance. Coverdale had just reached Blithedale. He and his fellows were on the eve of an undertaking that should set this confused world 'to rights' by force of illustrious example:

'The storm in its evening aspect was decidedly dreary. It seemed to have arisen for our especial behoof; a symbol of the cold, desolate, distrustful phantoms that invariably haunt the mind on the eve of adventurous enterprises to warn us back within the boundaries of ordinary life.'

Again, (at page 28,) Coverdale, speaking of the *magnetic* effect of the presence of Zenobia upon him, says: 'The presence of Zenobia caused our heroic enterprise to show like an illusion, a masquerade, a pastoral, a counterfeit Arcadia, in which we grown-up men and women were making a play-day of the years that were given us to live in. I tried to analyze this impression, but not with much success.'

Again, (at page 37,) on learning the name of one of his companions: 'Priscilla! Priscilla! I repeated the name to myself three or four times; and in that little space this quaint and prim cognomen had so amalgamated itself with my idea of the girl, that it seemed as if no other name could have adhered to her for a moment.'

Once more, and then I turn the book over to the reader again to cater for himself: (at page 57) while an invalid, Coverdale consults the magic mirror of his imagination to find out the past history of Zenobia. He suspects she is no maiden. 'There was not—and I distinctly repeat it—the slightest foundation in my knowledge for any surmise of the kind. But there is a species of intuition—either a spiritual lie or the subtle recognition of a fact—which comes to us in a reduced state the corporeal system. . . . The SPHERES of our companion have at such periods a vastly greater influence upon our own than w' robust health gives us a repellant and self-defensive energy. Zeno'

sphere, I imagine, impressed itself powerfully on mine, and transformed me during this period of my weakness into something like a mesmeric clairvoyant.'

Now I deem it a peculiar excellence in Hawthorne thus boldly and in so sensible and manly a way to handle these matters; I shall never believe the history of human nature is written or the science of Intellectual Philosophy explored until these 'dim instincts' and 'half intuitions' have had fair play. Intellectual Philosophy, ever since the explosion of the theory of witchcraft, has been steadily pushing its researches into this mystic region. The theory of animal magnetism, although demolished in one shape, instantly assumes another, and again invites Philosophy to combat. The Romance has been in the vanguard of truth before to-day. The illuminations of genius, in whatever place they are set up, are as beacon-lights upon the hill-tops. The true philosopher will never let even the feeblest light pass unheeded.

I suppose Hawthorne is destined to be abused. I believe abuse and detraction are the inevitable lot in our day of every good thing under heaven. I am half inclined to think myself disqualified from judging of the merits of this book, from a peculiar infirmity of mental constitution which instinctively draws out my sympathies and likings toward whatever is well-abused. I can't tolerate what every body indiscriminately praises. But when I hear a book heartily abused, I feel irresistibly impelled to rescue it from imaginary injustice, at least so far as my own individual opinion is concerned. I have no such Quixotic or super-erogatory purpose *now*. There is one thing, however, to be said of this book. As far as my observation has extended, censure thus far has proceeded only from those sources whence praise, to say the least, would have been equivocal. And, moreover, I suppose the author of the 'Scarlet Letter' and 'The House of the Seven Gables' can stand a few broad-sides, even from stout ships-of-war, for some time to come.

'Hawthorne,' says a poetical friend of mine, 'dips his pencil in the blackest midnight of the human heart.' And why not? If the midnight darkness is ever to be dispelled, shall it not be done by bringing it into broad day-light, letting the full glare of open day shine in upon it? True, Hawthorne is, in some measure, a satirist. Every honest man with a purpose in his soul and wit in his brain is a satirist. But he is not anarchical. If he pulls down, he builds up. If he takes away an illusory conventionalism, he suggests the truth which it barbarously and ineffectually symbolized. He never sneers for the sake of sneering, and there is no 'laughing devil' in his sneer. He never flees from you with a diabolical jeer at the demolition of a revered fiction. He mourns with you over the wreck he has made, and putting himself within your 'sphere' by his kind sympathy, gently points the way to a truer philosophy, and a better shape for its developement.

Much has been said of what critics have been pleased to consider meagreness of plot and paucity of incident in *this* book. But should a sentimental novel abound with incident or be complex in plot? Is that the character of such books of this sort as have found most lasting favor in the eyes of mankind? What would our critic say of the meagreness of plot and paucity of incident of *Tristram Shandy* or the *Vicar of Wakefield*?

Now let us look at the characters of this *drama*. ZENOBI, proud, artful, physical, luxurious, magnificent. PRISCILLA, humble, artless, *spirituelle*, frugal, moderate. HOLLINGSWORTH, indomitable, full of an iron purpose. COVERDALE, submissive, yet obstinate, but 'too full of the milk of human kindness to catch the nearest way.' Each and all are drawn in a masterly manner. They love and embrace, jostle against and part from each other, as though composed of warmer material than the stuff dreams are made of. But I can't say a word in favor of that Sphinx—of indecorous countenance and 'metallic laugh'—PROFESSOR WESTERVELT. He seems utterly 'sensual and devilish.' I can't find a positive necessity for him in the play, and no other plea, not even utility, will answer for the presence of such a nuisance. I have sometimes fancied this bizarre existence was a portrait dovetailed into the fiction after it was created. It has the look of an excrescence. Is not some body lampooned in the Professor? He is too improbable for *truth*, and must be either an actual or caricatured *fact*. May be, however, none but such a serpent could or would have betrayed Zenobia from the purity of her luxuriant maidenhood. Pah! I can't abide him!

Hawthorne seems to me to combine much of the magic creative power that so preëminently distinguishes Dickens's *genius*, with not a little of the critical acumen of Thackeray's *talent*. He cannot be ranked with Dickens, who is, beyond dispute, the greatest literary genius of our time. Nor can he cope with the brilliant Thackeray in his deep and thorough knowledge of conventional human nature. Still I claim for him that neither Dickens nor Thackeray could have written Hawthorne's later books. There runs through them a limpid stream of sentimentalism that would have been unsafe for Thackeray; and there is a literalness, sometimes a clean cutting, like an etching or the scratch of a diamond on glass, and sometimes a 'hard-finish' to some of his scenes and characters, that would have ill suited the warm and gushing power of that arch-magician of creative art, Dickens.

Had Hawthorne less talent, less motive power, I fancy he would, 'like the fly in the heart of an apple,' have lived and died in his own 'sweetness,' imprisoned in the walls of his own genius. I seem to see here a warm and luxuriant sentimentalism constantly creeping over and enveloping him like the mist of a summer morning. It costs him an effort, I guess, to shake it off. He revels in his own sweets. As COVERDALE says of himself, he is 'a devoted epicure of his own emotions.' His tendency was toward the lazy luxury of the Sybarite. Strong motives have driven him forth and roused him from a thralldom that made him

'To nobler deeds timorous and slothful,'

God forgive me if I wrong him, but I think so.

Hawthorne's man is a little too susceptible to 'rough it' comfortably through the rocks and breakers of real life. It is still a debatable question whether the man 'emotional' and full of 'impressibility,' the man who is ever conscious that himself and neighbor are each surrounded by an individual 'sphere,' a radiation of himself outward, stands in an enviable position. If his way of life has been carved out by his ancestors; if he has naught to do in this wide world, compulsorily, or except

what 'seems good in his own eyes,' he has doubtless larger capacity of enjoyment than the man of duller sense and fewer tendrils reaching out from the vine of his inner life. And he has far greater chance of sorrow, too. But if his walk of life lies along the common highway and not among the flowery gardens that lie beyond, it will stand terribly in his way if he is constantly made to feel keenly that he has a beating heart in his bosom, and that he is constantly influenced by some unseen agency from an unknown world. If he has no time to analyze his emotions or classify his impressions, there is danger these subtle masters will get the better of him, and by confusing his reason betray him to folly.

Hawthorne has certainly great tact in the management of the narrative of his story. There is consummate art realizing perfect naturalness in the development of the plot. The story is not wholly foreshadowed at the start. The details and the shape of the story are presented by degrees, like events of actual life. We now and then catch a glimpse of an occurrence bearing a mystic meaning, or experience an indefinable sensation prophetic of coming events. The effect is not unlike the sudden illumination of a landscape-view at midnight by the flashings of lightning. We look out and gaze into the realm of beauty beyond us, but before we can measure or take its parts into the mind's eye, it is gone. Now and then a hint is dropped like a passing thought; the fugitive impression escapes, but when the event of which it was the forerunner comes, a sense of fitness and an instinct of recognition take off the edge of surprise. Still Hawthorne lacks narrative and dramatic talent.

One general reflection that now strikes me, (a little trite, I fear,) and I quit the theme.

After all that is said against that species of fiction known under the general name of '*the novel*,' it must be conceded it excels every other invention of belles-lettres (if one may borrow an apt word from a kindred art) as a 'vehicle of thought.' Its success for so many years, and its adoption in our time by such men as Bulwer and Dickens, Cooper and Hawthorne, ought to be argument conclusive. Since its first invention it has advanced in popularity and universality of use, until it bids fair ultimately to drive almost every other form of works purely literary from the field. It is a transcript from daily life. It purports to be the story of human nature; a tale more than 'twice told,' but of which the healthy mind no more tires than its possessor becomes *enuyée* because he is repeating the life of his ancestors or reviving his own yesterdays. It appeals to every taste and capacity, and may evolve wit, wisdom, knowledge, poetry, beauty and truth.

September, 1852.

AN APOLOGY FOR VAGRANT SPIRITS.

You laugh when told that spirits wing
 Their flight from some far world of bliss,
 To rap on boards, that fools may bring
 A tribute to the knaves of this:
 But spare those doubts and sneers, I pray;
 Breathe not one word of harsh abuse:
 Ghosts well may clap when Yankees play
 This wondrous farce of Fox and Goose.

C A N T I C A M A T A .

Not of the gay Brunette,
Whose beauty charms beneath a southern sky,
With clustering curls, and bearing proud and high,
And eyes of jet:

Not of the northern Blonde,
Whose beauty vies in fairness with the snow,
Whose blue eyes shine the brightest in the glow
Of the beau-monde:

Not of Circassia's fair one,
Who with her presence decks the gorgeous rooms
Of eastern princes, and in grace out-blooms
The Rose of Sharon:

Not of Arabia's daughter,
With tresses flowing in a darkling roll,
Whose wild eyes pierce one's very inmost soul,
As stars the water:

Not of the Persian Hourì,
Whose classic brow defies the artist's skill,
Who sylph-like treads the streets of Ardebil,
So rich and flowery:

But of thee, EMILY,
With thy dark, radiant eye which speaks of love,
Who seem'st a visitant from world above,
I dream of thee.

And not alone in dreams
I look to thee as my true Cynosure:
For ever in my waking hours, when pure
Bright Morning gleams

Athwart the eastern sky;
When Noon resplendent pours her golden sheen;
When Evening spreads the mantle for her queen
Celestially:

When through the azure folds
Of heaven's drapery, stars shed their beams,
To beautify and gladden limpid streams
And flowery wolds:

When, day or night, I drink
At meditation's fount, in weather fair
Or stormy, yea, at all times, every where,
Of thee I think.

My fairest EMILY,
On this soft downy zephyr, murmuring low,
I fain would send thee pledges rare, that now
I think of thee.

So may I trust in thee,
That sometimes when thy spirit bursts its chains,
To wander freely forth in thoughtful trains,
Thou think'st of me?

Poughkeepsie, June 20, 1852.

FRANZ.

NAT. PUCKETT, THE INDIAN-HATER.

BY A NEW CONTRIBUTOR.

IN the summer of 1837, while on a visit to Texas, I was induced, by the favorable accounts I had received from the 'West,' to reconnoitre that portion of the 'Young Republic.' Travelling alone and unarmed, at that time, was not quite so safe as an evening's promenade down Broadway; and accordingly, I was advised to purchase a gun, the adviser having one which he said would suit me exactly: all that I had to do was to pull the trigger, and 'she was thar;' which, as I found afterward, was true enough, for 'she *was* thar,' but unfortunately, never where she was aimed. Having cut a hole in the middle of my blanket, through which I thrust my head, tied a 'lariat' round my mustang's neck, and a couple of diminutive ox-bows, in the shape of stirrups, to my saddle, I mounted and set off; and in the course of a few hours was fortunate enough to overtake a company of some seven or eight others, who, like myself, intended making a 'tour of observation' through the 'West.'

For several days we jogged along, encountering nothing in the way of adventure more piquant than the death of a deer, or an occasional scamper after a drove of wild horses. The country, however, over which we journeyed, fully compensated for this dearth of 'incident by flood and field;' and we came unanimously to the conclusion, that it fully merited the glowing colors in which it had been described to us.

Never before had I seen such richness of verdure; such a happy blending of green, undulating prairies, and park-like woods. I doubt if I should have been at all surprised, had I come suddenly upon some turreted castle, with all its moats, draw-bridges, and frowning walls; so much did these natural lawns and parks remind me of the descriptions I had read of 'lordly domains' and 'regal estates.'

But as yet, saving the log-houses of the back-woodsmen, (which HEAVEN knows were few and far between,) nothing like civilization was to be seen. As we had taken the precaution, however, when passing through the 'city' of Brazoria, to supply ourselves with provisions and camp-equipage, we suffered no inconvenience on this account; but whenever and wherever inclination prompted, we pitched our tent, most generally upon the banks of some one of the numerous and beautiful little streams that intersected the country. Then, after staking our horses among the luxuriant herbage, (an ear of corn would have 'stampeded' the whole drove,) and placing a guard over them, we would build up a roaring fire, and attack such 'creature-comforts' as our larder afforded, with well-sharpened appetites.

In this way we travelled on, until we came to the La Vaca, where we purposed resting a day to recruit our horses. That night it fell to my lot to stand guard over them. The moon was shining brightly, and, taking my gun in my hand, I sat down with my back against a fallen

tree, in such a position as to command a 'bird's-eye view' of the camp and its vicinity.

I know not how long I had been thus seated, when all at once the moon became eclipsed, and the horses seemed to increase in size, until it appeared to me they formed but one huge shadowy animal. I remember trying to recall to mind whether or not I had seen in the late almanacs any announcement of such eclipse, and also endeavoring to reason philosophically with myself upon the strange phenomenon of the horses; but the next morning when I awoke, not a single horse was to be seen. With secret misgivings I hurried to the spot where we had staked them out, but all were gone, saving my poor mustang, that lay dead upon the ground, with several arrows still sticking in his side. This explained all. The Indians (who perhaps had been waiting an opportunity for several days to steal our horses) had taken advantage of the eclipse of the moon to do so; and as my mustang, no doubt, had refused to go any course except his own, (I had myself noticed that little amiable trait in his character at times,) his death was the consequence.

A council of war was immediately held, as to what should be done, and it was resolved that some of us should return to a 'settlement,' a few miles back, procure other horses if possible, and then follow the Indians. Accordingly, a 'committee of three' was appointed to wait upon the 'settlement,' and state our unfortunate situation to the inhabitants.

In the course of a few hours the committee returned, bringing with them a sufficient number of horses to re-mount our company; but as most of them were vicious, half-broken devils, just taken from the prairies, it was some time before we could bring them into terms. Fortunately for me, the one that fell to my lot was rather less fractious than the rest, and I only received two kicks and a bite before I was fairly seated in the saddle. As soon as we had examined our arms, to make sure that all was right, we set off in full gallop upon the trail of the Indians, which at first was plainly visible amidst the tall grass of the rich prairies bordering the river.

We had gone, I suppose, some three or four miles, when, perceiving that my girth had become unbuckled, I dismounted to re-fasten it. While engaged in this operation, I heard the sound of a horse's hoofs, and looking back discovered some one rapidly approaching on our trail. In a few moments he came alongside of me, and giving me the usual salutation of 'How goes it, stranger?' he observed, that hearing in the 'settlement' of our intended expedition, he had concluded to join us, if it was entirely agreeable. I assured him that such a reinforcement to our small number would be perfectly 'agreeable,' and re-mounting my horse, as we rode on I had time to observe the 'personnel' of the strange specimen who had so unexpectedly added himself to our party.

He seemed to be about forty years of age; tall and rather spare made; and had a complexion very nearly the color of unburnt bricks: at the same time, however, the great breadth of his shoulders, and the swelling muscles of his arm, which were apparent as he reined in the fiery little Mexican horse upon which he rode, gave token of strength and power of endurance. He was dressed in a hunting-shirt and leggins, the usual costume at that time of all classes, and his head was covered with a

coon-skin cap, the tail of which dangled gracefully on one side. A long rifle was balanced on his shoulder, which, with a shot-pouch, and a bunch of something hanging from his belt, that looked marvellously like human scalps, completed his equipments.

After we had galloped on some time in silence, he suddenly observed, 'Stranger, did you ever shoot an Ingen?' 'No,' I replied, 'I never did; but if I can only catch the rascal that killed my mustang, I hope to have that satisfaction before long.' 'Satisfaction!' said he; 'why, it's a real pleasure to tumble over one of them there yellow devils! How often have I waylaid their paths, for whole days and nights, living upon nothing but dried venison, and exposed to all kinds of weather, just to get one pop at the varmints, and thought myself well paid, when I had knocked over a straggling rascal, and taken a little thing like these (pointing to the scalps that hung at his belt) from the top of his head! I believe I am getting used to it, though, now,' said he, 'for (and he sighed to think how callous he was becoming) it don't stir me up like it did at first, when I draw a bead upon an Ingen, and see him pitch head-foremost from his horse upon the ground. Then I used to jump out of my hiding-place, and whirl my gun around my head, and shout till my breath was gone, and stamp upon them with my feet, and tear the scalps from their heads; but now, though I like to kill Ingens as much as ever, I am getting sorter used to it, and never take on so. Oh, stranger, (and he sighed again,) how I envy you your first Ingen!'

I looked at the man in astonishment as he spoke thus, and for the first time observed that wild and restless expression of the eye, which usually denotes an unsettled intellect. My suspicions were confirmed, when, after a short silence, he said:

'Stranger, my name is NATHAN PUCKETT, all the way from the old North State. I'm a 'remote circumstance,' I know, and can't read nor write 'pen-writing;' but when it comes to Ingen-fighting, you can set me down for 'seven chances!'

Wishing to humor him a little, I asked him why it was he had such a hatred to the Indians? But not seeming to notice the question, he continued:

'Here, of late, they have got in the way of killing off whole gangs of Ingens at once: that's a great waste, and if they keep it up, I shall soon have to move further west. People ought to be more economical of 'em. Kill one or two occasionally along, as I do, and then let 'em rest a spell, and the sport would n't be so soon over. I make it a p'int never to average more than two full-grown Ingens a month; and if other folks would do the same, and not go in great crowds and drive 'em into the crooks of rivers, and kill 'em off by hundreds at a time, they would last for years to come. Oh! it's a great waste!'

After a short silence, seemingly ruminating upon the great consumption of the raw material, of which he had been speaking, he resumed:

'Now if I was only one of those great lords I have heard tell of in the 'Old Country,' and had one of their big parks, do you think I'd stock it with deer and sich-like game? Yes, I'd have *them*, too, but I rather reckon Ingens would be the most plenty. Then every morning

after breakfast, I'd throw my rifle on my shoulder, take a turn or so round the premises, knock over a Kickapoo, and, if I felt right Ingenfied, perhaps a half-grown Waco, and by that time I'd have an appetite for dinner. After dinner, a couple of Tonkewas, and a Lipan or so, would amuse me till night; and then, if their eyes would only shine, I'd give 'em a small turn at fire-hunting. Whoop! wouldn't that be sport, stranger?'

Apparently much elated by this little effort at castle-building, he put spurs to his horse, and dashed off at so rapid a rate, that I found considerable difficulty in keeping up with him. Gradually, however, as the excitement wore off, he slackened his pace, and repeating the question I had asked him a few moments before, namely, why it was he had such a hatred to the Indian race, he replied:

'Stranger, they killed my father, my mother, my brothers, and my sisters, and they would have murdered me too, if I had not been preserved by PROVIDENCE to revenge their deaths. I'll never forget that day, stranger! In the morning I had started out to kill some meat, and when I left home, my little brothers and sisters were playing in the yard: my poor old mother was in the house a-reading in the Bible to my gray-haired father, and every thing looked so peaceful and quiet. When I come back, the smoke was rising from the spot where my home had stood, and near by lay the bodies of my murdered father, mother, brothers and sisters. I was alone in the world. For a long time afterward, I wa'n't exactly right here,' said he, (tapping his forehead,) 'and even now, when Ingens is sca'ce, and I do'n't get my reg'lar number, I'm mighty flighty at times.'

In a short time we overtook the rest of the party, who were busily engaged in trying to recover the trail of the Indians, which, passing at that point over a hard rocky prairie, had become totally invisible, at least to our unpractised eyes. And now it was that the genius of friend Nathan began to show itself. Dismounting, and leading his horse by the bridle, he walked slowly ahead of us, every now and then stopping to examine a broken blade of grass, or some leaf or pebble, that seemed to him to have been displaced from its natural position. At length he came to a dead halt: even he, with all his wood-craft, being unable to detect any farther sign of the Indians. Suddenly he exclaimed:

'Ah! I know now what the red devils are up to! They have 'squandered' here, and if we scatter too, and circumambiate around, we will be apt to strike the trail again where they come together.'

His advice was taken, and by circling round the point where the last trace of the trail had been lost, wider and wider each time, in less than an hour we came on it once more, and so plain that we had no difficulty in following it as fast as our jaded horses could go. From thence the Indians seemed to have lost all apprehensions of farther pursuit, and in a short time we came to where they had encamped so recently that their fires were still burning. An hour's ride brought us to the Chicalete, a small tributary of the La Vaca, near which we discovered the blanket-tents of the Indians, and putting speed to our horses, the Indians had scarcely time to seize their guns and bows before we were upon them. I say 'we,' but unfortunately for the military renown I was about to

acquire, my mustang took it into his head to make his onset (after the manner of the Chinese) by turning a couple of somersets and a flip-flap, and then commenced a series of 'pitchings' that would have done honor to a steam-boat in a heavy sea-way. At the first pitch, away flew one of my pistols from my belt; at the second, the other followed suit, and at the third, my hat went by the board; so that by the time we had pitched into the enemy's camp, I had nothing left but my rifle. Perceiving that the rest had dismounted and 'treed,' I thought it advisable to do the same, particularly as the balls began to whistle in very uncomfortable proximity to my head. I have read somewhere that a celebrated general once remarked, during a battle, that the whistling of bullets was to him the most melodious of sounds. It may have been so, but in my opinion he had a bad ear for music. But to return.

Just as I was in the act of dismounting, a tall, hideously-painted Indian stepped from behind a tree, a few paces off, and drew an arrow that looked to me as long as a May-pole, directly upon me. Thinks I to myself, I'm spitted before I can say 'Jack Robinson;' and so perhaps I should have been, but just at that critical juncture, my mustang, frightened by the firing of guns and the yelling of the Indians, made a dozen pitches, all concentrated into one, which landed me head-foremost upon the ground. I rose, thirsting for vengeance, and levelling my rifle at the rascal who shot the May-pole at me, I fired, and cut a considerable limb from the top of the oak under which he was standing. After a few rounds, the Indians retreated, leaving two of their number upon the ground; but as neither of them, upon inspection, showed any evidence of having been killed by a falling limb, my conscience does not accuse me of being at all accessory to their death. I am afraid, however, that Nathan could not say as much, for he pointed to a ghastly wound in the breast of one of them, and remarked: 'That's the kind o' hole my rifle always makes! At any rate,' said he, 'I shall claim his scalp:' and suiting the action to the word, he commenced cutting it off, with as much care as if engaged in some most delicate surgical operation. At that moment the sharp crack of a rifle was heard, and Nathan, letting fall the knife from his hand, staggered backward against the trunk of a tree. I thought at first it was all over with him; but he quickly recovered himself, having only been stunned by the concussion of the ball, which slightly grazed his forehead. Looking round to see from whence the shot had come, he observed the other Indian, whom we had supposed to be dead, in the act of sinking back again upon the ground, from whence he had partially risen, in order to take a more deliberate aim at his hated foe. Nathan, casting his eyes toward him, as much as to say, 'Now, don't be in a hurry; I'll attend to your case presently,' coolly recommenced his surgical operations, in which he had been so unexpectedly disturbed. Having finished it to his satisfaction, he leisurely wiped the blood from his knife, returned it to the scabbard, and picking up his rifle, he walked slowly and deliberately to the spot where lay the wounded Indian. Placing the muzzle directly against his head, he pulled the trigger with as much sang-froid as if it had been a rattle-snake he was about to shoot. I turned away just as the gun was dis-

charged, and when I looked again, Nathan was calmly re-loading his rifle.

After collecting our horses, which were tied to the neighboring trees, we shifted our saddles from those we had ridden during the day, and set out on our return, and about four o'clock in the morning arrived at the 'settlement,' having travelled (with the exception of a half hour or so, where we came up with the Indians) more than seventy-five miles without halting. That night a 'blow-out' was given in the 'settlement,' in honor of our successful foray, and notwithstanding the hard ride of the previous day, the vigor with which we footed it to the enlivening tunes of 'Hug 'em Snug,' and 'Kiss me Sweetly,' was no doubt long remembered by the belles of La Vaca.

On inquiring for Nathan the next morning, I was told that, having laid in his usual supplies of ammunition, etc., he had just started off upon another 'quiet, still hunt' after the Indians.

w.

BALLADS OF MEXICO.

BY JAMES LINNEN.

THE Spaniards leave the battle-field and retire to a palm-tree grove, where they offer up thanksgivings to the ALMIGHTY for their victory over the Tabascans. CORTEZ sends away his captive warriors with a message to their countrymen. A deputation of inferior chiefs comes and craves leave to bury their dead. The granting of the request: arrival of the nobles and a numerous train of vassals at the Christian camp: their splendid reception: OLMEDO and DIAZ enlighten their minds respecting the mysteries of the Faith: the solemn procession on Palm-Sunday: the image of the Indian deity deposed, to make room for that of the Virgin: the celebration of Mass: the Indians moved to tears: departure of the Spaniards for the coast of Mexico.

SOME have an air of triumph, and some dejected look;
Some haste to the gushing spring that feeds the little brook:
While leaning on their comrades, with measured step and slow,
The wounded and the weary across the moorland go.

In the flower-enamelled grove where tower the stately palms,
The Spanish troops victorious peal forth thanksgiving psalms;
While some are counting o'er their beads and round their standard cling,
With *Te Deum Laudamus* fen and woodland sweetly ring.

Hurrah! hurrah! for Chivalry — hurrah! for gallant Spain —
Hurrah! hurrah! long live the King, and glorious be his reign!
One loud hurrah for CORTEZ now, whose flag triumphant waves!
He comes to scatter seeds of Peace, and break the chains of slaves.

'Stand forth, ye captive warriors,' says CORTEZ, loud and stern;
'I hope ye may from this sad day a lasting lesson learn.
Back to your homes unharmed return, but tell your friends from me,
That some of your Caciques and Chiefs I soon expect to see.

'And, gentlemen, pray tell them too,' he adds, with haughty air,
'That they to my liege lord the King must quick their fealty swear;
Or by the great SAN PEDRO and the honor of my word,
All, all that in Tabasco live shall perish by the sword!'

Away they with the tidings speed; and early on next morn,
A band of wretched men appear in garments spare and torn:
'Great Chief! we come with heavy heart, and your permission crave
To carry off our slaughtered friends, and lay them in the grave.'

'The leave you ask, Tabascans! at once I freely give,
And none shall e'er be harmed by me who wish in peace to live;
But quickly your Caciques must come, for, troth, it is not meet
That I who represent a King should with inferiors treat.'

Soon a long and motley train through the stately maize is seen;
Now they skirt a hacienda, now cross savannahs green;
And now they tread the meadow where the tall grass gently waves:
'Tis the nobles and their vassals, with a score of female slaves.

Straight as palm-trees walk the men, with a firm and noble air,
But some look gaunt and savage with their black and flowing hair;
The slaves—oh! what can be their hopes and what can be their fears?
For some skip lightly o'er the sward, and some are shedding tears.

Now they leap a little stream, and they pass a flowery swamp,
And mid music sweetly pealing, they reach the Spanish camp,
Where CORTEZ and his gallant staff assume an air of state,
And like true gentlemen of Spain upon the nobles wait.

Mid greetings and rejoicings, and many nameless queries,
The Christians with the Pagans quaff the good old wines of Xeres:
Oh, the soldiers soon forget all their sorrow and their pain,
And to the Indian damsels sing the witching airs of Spain.

Now DIAZ and OLMEDO, that faith and love inspire,
Soon melt the heathen hearts with sparks of sacred fire:
Can it be the work of grace, or the logic of the sword,
That so rapidly extends the kingdom of the Lord?

The merry night is past, and sounds of bugle and of horn
Awake the camp, and usher in a sunny Sabbath morn:
The wild birds from the meadows in countless numbers spring,
And lovely flowers that gem the grove around their fragrance fling.

Before they leave in gladness this fair but goldless land,
The Christians in procession, with a palm-branch each in hand,
Through sheeny dew in gay review before their chieftain pass,
Then march in pomp to celebrate the sacrifice of Mass.

See, the amice round the neck is negligently flung,
The chasuble of purple o'er the alb of white is hung;
The girdle and the maniple, and richly broidered stole,
Adorn the holy fathers who gravely head the whole.

Behind them walk the pages who sacred symbols hold,
The censer, and the chalice, and crucifix of gold;
One bears the Cross in front with a cassock long and dun,
And one a golden Virgin with her ever-blessed Son.

With curved necks like a crescent next come the mettled steeds,
And Cortez on his charger like some knight-errant leads;
Caparisoned so richly and decked with garlands fair—
Oh, well may the Tabascans in wonder mutely stare!

Now, with a gallant bearing, the infantry advance,
And flashing in the sun-beams are musket, spear, and lance;
The banners are unfurled and flaunt gaily in the train:
Ah, 't is a pageant worthy of the chivalry of Spain.

Ere long they reach the temple; and within its gloomy walls,
The hideous god is quick deposed, and headlong down it falls;
A sweetly-sculptured Mary, with a radiant face divine,
Soon fills its place, and smiles on all who worship at the shrine.

Some say the Pater Noster, and some an Ave utter,
Some *Angelus Domini* in hurried accents mutter;
While others join the chant and devoutly bend the knee,
Like true Christian cavaliers, ALMIGHTY GOD! to THEE!

The dark, sun-bronzed Tabascans, illumined in the faith
That points to bliss eternal beyond the shades of death,
Who have nobly dangers braved, and have no coward fears,
Stand, a touching spectacle, with eyes suffused in tears.

Hark! now the clarion peals, and deeply rolls the drum,
And see, in glittering splendor, away the Spaniards come;
They still bear their incensed palms as they had done before,
And as they to the temple marched so march they to the shore.

Freshly blow the tropic winds, and on a surging tide
Once more the Spanish caravels the rolling billows ride:
Hurrah! hurrah! they bravely leave Tabasco's burning strand;
Hurrah! hurrah! for Mexico, the glorious golden land!

New-York, October, 1852.

VALE OF THE RHONE: THE SIMPLON.

BY A NEW CONTRIBUTOR.

On our return to Geneva from Mt. St. Bernard, having made all the necessary arrangements, we left for our Italian tour. The good steamer 'Leman' soon reached Vevay, where we took up our quarters at the Hotel 'des Trois Couronnes,' situated directly upon the lake. It was evening, and the sunset was gorgeous. The snowy peaks of the Alps on the opposite side, seeming like molten gold and silver, pictured to the imagination the towers of the city of heaven, so aptly described by the poets. As the god of day declined, the reflection of his rays ascended the sides of the mountains, intercepted as it was by the dark range of the Jura on the opposite shore, until the shades of night, settling upon earth, left only the dim outlines of these grim warders visible.

On the following morning, having engaged a courier and vetturino, we left again for Martigny, determined to make the journey by easy stages. Passing the castle of Chillon, and the field rendered memorable by a great battle in 153 B. C., when the Roman army was terribly routed by the Helvetians, we wound along the vale of the Rhone, leaving on our right the fall of 'Pissevache,' formed by mountain-torrents, and seeming like a thread of silver hanging from the side of the mountain. It is about the same height as that of the Montmorenci, although the volume is by no means as great: at the time we visited it, the supply of water was full, and it appeared to great advantage. In our own country, it would perhaps scarcely arrest the attention of those who had seen the mighty cataract of Niagara; here, however, every thing possesses an interest, perhaps from the fact that, having journeyed so far, one is unwilling to let the least thing escape observation.

About dusk the old tower of Martigny was in sight, and we were soon again comfortably seated before the fire, in the Hôtel de la Tour; on one side of which is marked the height to which the water rose in 1818, when a torrent, escaping its mountain bounds, deluged the village, sweeping houses, cattle, and human beings before it in its mad career: the water-mark is ten feet, and evidences of its fury are still visible. As there was nothing here of particular interest, we set out again on the ensuing morning at an early hour, still journeying onward through the vale of the Rhone, which we were to follow nearly its whole length, since the route over the Simplon could only be reached in this direction. The valley of the Rhone is about one hundred and fifty miles long, extending nearly up to the St. Gothard: wildness and grandeur characterize its whole extent.

The day was lovely, and the bright rays of the sun, uninterrupted by the smallest cloud, were reflected upon the hoary summit of St. Bernard, producing a coup-d'œil exceedingly striking. The dazzling whiteness of the snow was even at this distance painful to the vision, and we found it impossible to look long upon it. The road along which we passed is

bounded on the south by the Alps, and on the north by the Helvetian mountains, whose rugged sides, bare to the summit, formed a marked contrast to their lofty neighbors, who were clothed in the most beautiful conceivable colors; the crimson of the pine, the yellow of the ash, and the varying tinge of the green fir, were blended by Nature's pencil in the most perfect harmony, and presented a charming picture. The land was generally poor, but the inhabitants were busily engaged gathering the fruits of the scanty harvest, or sowing the seed for another crop; little hamlets dotted the sides of the hills, and tall spires reared their glittering heads from among wilds, where one would suppose the foot of man could never tread. It is a singular fact, that many of these Swiss hamlets seem from their position better adapted as homes for the chamois or the mountain-goat than for poor sublunary man. The same politeness characterizes this as the other cantons of Switzerland, and all the peasants whom we met respectfully saluted us.

Before reaching Sion, the half-way station of the day's stage, we passed a chapel perched high upon a rock, and called the 'Ave Maria,' the ascent to which was bordered by ten little shrines containing the image of the Virgin. Pilgrimages are here made twice a year by devotees, who pour into the laps of the fat, lazy priests, nearly all their scanty earnings. On arriving at the town, which is the capital of Valais, we procured a guide to a neighboring vineyard, and we were soon revelling amidst the rich clusters of the Muscat grape, a style for which this place is noted, and from which the celebrated Swiss Muscatelle or Malaga wine is made. The flavor is delicious, tasting slightly of honey. The bunches we took away were very large, measuring about twelve inches in length, which, being suspended on a pole on the top of our carriage, we ate at our leisure. Their color is white, slightly tinged with brown, with the lower part of the grape a little flattened; the pits are large, and I should judge from the high position of the place, exposed as they were to the inclemencies of the season, that this quality would flourish very well in the variable climate of the United States. I put aside some of the pits to take home, but unfortunately mislaid them. I think that there are several styles of the Swiss grape that could be cultivated here with success: whether the operation would 'pay' is another question. The appearance of the town as you approach it is very picturesque. The main street passes between two high hills, their sides nursing rich vineyards, and crowned with chapels. They look like two immense sentinels, and in shape closely resemble the crag on which Dunbarton Castle stands. The place itself is very dirty and uninteresting, and instead of meeting celestial beings, we encountered hosts of poor, miserable, deformed creatures, who thrust their filthy persons into the carriage, begging for sous. We did not however see so many here troubled with the 'goitre,' a huge swelling or bag hanging from the throat, as we did in the cantons nearer Geneva; and idiots seemed to be more rare. It was a great relief, for the sympathetic chord in our hearts had been played upon so often, that it was near breaking; and the disgusting sights that met our eye at almost every step, contributed very much to mar the pleasures of our journey. Perhaps there is no country in Europe, for its size, where idiocy prevails to such an extent as in Switzerland; and it has been remarked

that there are more idiots in New-Hampshire, in proportion to its population, than in any other state in the Union. Here is a subject worthy the attention of the curious.

Travelling onward, we passed through a country rugged in the extreme: bare masses of rock towering upward eight or ten thousand feet; huge chasms opening their horrid jaws in the sides of the mountains, with eyes, as it were, winking and blinking at us; courses of torrents, that have spread desolation over vast tracts once cultivated and productive; and the noisy Rhone, boiling and fretting at our side, now lost to sight, and again passing at our very feet, constituted the picture for nearly its whole length; and the interest is kept up throughout the entire passage. It seemed like a grand canal of Nature's handiwork, so vast, so incomprehensible, with the rocky barriers on either side firm enough to sustain a second deluge; and as we crawled along, the mighty, cloud-capped sentinels seemed to sport at our insignificance, shouting as it were into our ears: 'Why do you not resemble us, mighty, vast in size, defying the forked lightning, and breasting the hoarse tempest? Poor, weak man! what are you at best?' Early in the evening we reached Tourtemagne, a small village, where we stopped for the night.

The following morning, after an early breakfast, we were again 'en route,' and reached Brigue about noon, a town situated at the foot of the Simplon road, remarkable only, so far as I could perceive, for its extreme filth. The whole place wears an aspect of gloom; and rather than remain there the two hours for the rest and feeding of our horses, we commenced the ascent on foot. The road is as smooth as a floor, about twenty feet wide, supported in many places by high walls, and protected on the sides by stone posts placed at intervals of about fifteen feet, or by balustrades of stone, perhaps three feet high, where the points are particularly dangerous. The ascent on the Swiss side, like the descent on the Italian side, is very gradual, about the same grade; and we stopped at the various turnings to view the wide-extended prospect: the silvery Rhone below us; the long valley reaching to the utmost limit of vision; the little villages with their glittering spires; the scattered cottages of the peasantry; the flocks grazing on the bleak hill-sides; the huge, rocky ramparts around us, and St. Gothard wreathed in vapors. Some of the chasms and precipices were frightful, and on rolling down large stones the noise produced resembled thunder, as they dashed against the rocks that opposed their course, making great furrows in the earth, or crashed by the trunks of the mountain pine; down, down they went, the echoes growing fainter and fainter, until at last only a low hum reached us. In the enthusiasm of the scene, we had walked a long distance before the carriage overtook us; and when it did, we found an additional team of horses attached, when we ascended somewhat faster. Along the route are houses of refuge, with their corresponding number inscribed over the door, intended as places of security and repose for the traveller. They are not tenanted, but resemble little chapels, with uninviting, bare walls, and offer a temporary shelter during the continuance of a storm. We passed several parties of pedestrians, with their packs upon their backs, on their way to Switzerland, or perhaps emigrating to the far west of America. About dusk we crossed the bridge of Berisal, and soon

reached the town of the same name, consisting of three houses, where we were to pass the night. The air was becoming raw and cutting, announcing our proximity to the eternal snows, and we gladly accepted any shelter from its biting effects. The blaze of the fire through the windows looked very cheering, and we drew close around it, while discussing a dinner that would have done no discredit to the best caterer of Paris.

The next day set in with a thick mist, terminating in rain, which for a time came down in torrents, putting to flight all prospects of 'go ahead,' and filling us with alarm at the chances of remaining a whole day at such a woe-begone, out-of-the-way place. What were we to do? We could n't read, for we had the blues; we could n't walk about, on account of the rain; and we could n't remain quiet, for we had the fidgets. Who has not been in our situation, anxious to proceed, weather-bound, angry with himself and every one around him? He who has not, cannot sympathize with us. At last the thought flashed across our minds, that the 'maître d'hôtel' might run short of provisions, for the house was full of travellers. Oh horrible idea! Were we to starve; to furnish food for vultures, and the no less rapacious birds of prey, the journalists? Oh no! the rain stopped, the sun welcomed us forth, and we stepped into the carriage and bade adieu to Berisal.

The road led along the brink of some of the most frightful precipices I had yet seen, down one of which we came near rolling, through the shameful negligence of our 'vetturino,' who, preferring botanical pursuits to his own immediate calling, lingered behind, inspecting the leaves of various weeds growing by the road-side: he was no doubt an enthusiast in this line, but unfortunately was in the pursuit of knowledge under difficulties, for a powerful magnifying-glass would not have aided him much in the inspection. His studies, however, were shortly disturbed, for the horses on being left to themselves, in making a short turn in the road, brought one of the fore wheels just over the edge, which we did not perceive, as our attention was directed to the prospect, until we felt the front part of the carriage sinking. Our cries of alarm soon aroused him; and perceiving the imminence of our danger, he sprang to the rescue with commendable activity, and with his long lash brought the beasts suddenly into the road, where they stood until we alighted, and replaced the vehicle in its place. The prospect in advance was almost appalling; enough to make stouter hearts than ours beat with emotion. The sudden turnings of the road, around some sharp angle of the rocks, presented to our view nothing but an infinity of thick clouds, whose eddying volume, rolling up the valley beneath, and rebounding against the cliffs, formed no mean picture of the deluge, as represented. The wind howled in fitful gusts, and we stopped at intervals to allow the thick vapors to pass us, so as to see our route. On one side was an impassable barrier of rock, and on the other, a chaos of confusion, seemingly filled with horrid forms, beckoning us to take the fatal leap. We were now truly in the region of clouds, of storms, and of tempests; and the dead silence was unbroken, save by the tread of the horses on the flinty path, or the sharp crack of the driver's whip. Up, up we went, and at last reached a region of smiles and sunshine, quitting, as it seemed,

the world below, shut out by the dense mass of clouds. After passing through several galleries or tunnels cut through the rock, to protect the wayfarer from the avalanche which in the spring comes thundering down from the peaks above, directly upon his path, with lateral windows looking into the abyss below, we came abreast of Nesthorn, the highest of the range, covered to its very summit with the snow of centuries, rising several thousand feet above our heads, which continued long in sight, serving as a land-mark to guide us on our course. It was here that a little incident occurred which made us marvel that our sympathies could be worked upon to such an extent. As we were dragging onward, we met a horse that had strayed from his enclosure, who, sensible of his loneliness, and his distance from any place of shelter, was moaning and whining most piteously, entreating us, as it were, to take him under our protection and show him his way home. At first, while the rocks hid him from our view, we thought the noise proceeded from a man in distress, and we listened for a few moments to ascertain whence the groans came, in order to go and render immediate assistance; and even had it been a man, I am not prepared to say whether I could have felt much more pity. Put some in his place, who wear the human form, and I would not hesitate a moment on which side to give my feelings the preponderance. We patted the poor fellow, and he neighed in delight at the meeting, extending his long neck, asking for more: we tried to make him follow us, but, perhaps as we were going the wrong way, he lingered behind, and we were forced to leave him. For some time we heard his sad appeal, and I was glad when distance interrupted the melancholy sounds. Little trivial incidents like this affect us in proportion as our case is analogous to those who are in trouble. We were alone; far, far removed from all those ties that render life a charm; amidst the results of Nature's fiercest throes; in regions chill and desolate, with no heart near us, beating in unison with our own; with no hand of friendship to help us if prostrated by disease; with no sister's tenderness to smooth the pillow of death; with no mother's prayers to waft our spirits on to realms of unfading bliss. We were truly alone in the world; and had we given way to the feeling, how often would our happiest moments have been overcast with the dark clouds of sorrow! We determined to be stoics, and put from our view the sword of Damocles.

Horses, cattle, and sheep are often found dead in the valleys, shockingly mangled and torn. They venture too near the edge, and fall with the crumbling stones. The Hospice, which is situated at about the turning-point of the road in its descent, is a large building, three stories high, occupying a comparatively sheltered position, with a level tract in front of it. It was built by Napoleon, at the time of the construction of the road. The old one is about half a mile below, and is yet entire, consisting of a single square tower, with a narrow pathway leading to it. The present one is built of brick, and is not unlike some of our large country barns in shape; its situation is by no means as gloomy and desolate as that of the St. Bernard, and we left it without feeling any of those strong emotions which characterized our visit to the latter mountain. We found the descent on the Italian side as gradual as the ascent on the opposite quarter; and thundering down at a rapid rate, with our wheels locked

and grooves of iron under them, we reached the village of the Simplon, consisting of forty or fifty miserable dwellings, containing about five hundred inhabitants. The road here is quite safe, and we descended several thousand feet without feeling the least apprehension.

About three miles from the village commences the series of galleries hewn out of the solid rock, and exhibiting the ingenuity and perseverance of man in their most striking points. The sides of the mountain are nearly perpendicular, affording no chance for a level road, in fact scarcely a foot-hold to the mountain-goat. Nothing but the genius of Napoleon could have conceived such a design, and an ordinary mind would have shrunk from the dangers and difficulties of the task. Torrent after torrent had to be bridged ; rock after rock had to be blasted, and the road cut in the flinty sides of the mountain : but Bonaparte's indefatigable perseverance overcame these obstacles, and has left a work for posterity to gaze upon ; an imperishable monument of his greatness. Had I seen no other fruits of his great mind, this would have been sufficient ; and time, the warring of the elements, and the hand of man, can never effectually obliterate such indestructible mementoes. '*Cannot*' with him was obsolete : 'I must,' 'I shall,' was the beacon which guided his foot-steps.

Can we wonder, when we look upon the evidences of this man's genius, that the mention of his name is like a firebrand to France ? Can we wonder at the implacable, the never-to-be-obliterated hatred the French people bear, and ever will bear, to that government which, blotting the word honor from its escutcheon, consigned to an ignominious exile an outcast who had thrown himself for mercy into its very arms ? I am merely arguing the justice of the *facts* of the case. Can we wonder that a nation still weeps his loss, and that his name is as a bulwark of great strength unto it, the rallying-point, the watch-word, the idol ? One could readily be lost in the maze of reflection suggested by the evidences of his mighty mind : and France, enraptured, deifies him, making him the Jupiter of her modern mythology.

The grand gallery is about six hundred feet in length, hewn out of the projecting side of the mountain, and fifteen feet perhaps in width, with heavy gates at either end ; large windows on the side look down a precipice, from which one recoils with horror, as the natural impulse is to leap into the giddy abyss : a torrent thunders beneath, but so far below that the projecting sides of the rock interrupt the vision. The Simplon road, from Brigue to the bridge of the Crevoli, is about forty miles in length ; is cut the greater part of the way through granite mountains, supported in some places by walls one hundred and fifty or two hundred feet high ; hangs frequently upon perpendicular ledges ; pierces a dozen impassable barriers of rock, and bridges twenty-five torrents. Of the grandeur of the work, and the awful majesty of the scenery, as rock after rock is piled upon one another to the height of eight thousand feet, seeming as though the work of the Titans, when scaling the walls of heaven, it is impossible to convey an adequate idea ; but the impressions produced can never be effaced. Three thousand men were employed from 1801 to 1805 in constructing it ; and hundreds of tons of gunpowder were used in blowing through the solid masses.

F A I R Y M A Y .

BY LILY GRAHAM.

I.

Why lieth Fairy MAY so still,
This golden autumn morn?
On upland field and furrowed hill,
They bind the rustling corn.
Her step among the burnished sheaves
Was ever first to stray:
Well loveth she the changing leaves:
Why lingers Fairy MAY?

II.

Why lieth Fairy MAY so still
Upon her little bed?
Along the lane and by the mill
Gleam berries, black and red;
The gentian and the golden-rod
Make wood and meadow gay,
And children tread the pathway sod:
Where lingers Fairy MAY?

III.

She lies upon her couch, at rest,
Though noontide shades are deep,
Her pale hands folded on her breast,
As though she prayed in sleep;
White is the silver down that lines
The wild grape's tendrilled spray,
But whiter, on her pillow, shines
The face of Fairy MAY.

IV.

They have strewn flowers upon her bed,
And by her white-rose cheek,
And lightly, gently do they tread,
And softly, softly speak;
And vainly strive they not to weep,
But bid the wild tears stay,
And whisper low, 'She doth but sleep,
Sweet dreameth Fairy MAY.'

V.

'She doth but sleep!' The soft hair lies
Unstirred upon her brow;
Ah, deathly still! she will not rise,
They are the dreamers now:
For while they, weeping, stoop to kiss
The wan and lifeless clay,
The angels joy, in worlds of bliss,
To welcome Fairy MAY.

ROUGH SKETCHES OF FEMALE FIGURES.

BY A TRAVELLING ARTIST.

A D A S I N C L A I R .

WAR with Great Britain had been declared, and the country was excited with speculation as to the result, and convulsed with the fierce antagonism of contending parties.

It was during this period, that in the parlor of an old-fashioned house, in a pleasant rural town, were seated a lady and gentleman. The former was some twenty-five years of age. She had one of those changeable countenances that belong to an imaginative temperament. In moments of hilarity, when lightened by gay and happy thoughts, it would glow with the expression of childhood, and become youthful under the influence of the innocent 'abandon' of an unsophisticated nature. In the repose of calm and serious thought, the lines of the face would appear more distinct, the features more marked, the lips more compressed, and the expression of radiant girlhood would change to the impressive dignity of the matured woman.

She wore on this occasion her calmer aspect modified by the influence of the new-born affection that filled her soul with happiness, and ADA SINCLAIR in the fulness of womanly grace sat as if her attendant spirits were the angels of Reflection and of Love.

Her companion, GEORGE DANFORTH, was slightly older than ADA; his figure, compact and elegantly proportioned, appeared to advantage in the tight dress, and polished boots, reaching nearly to the knee, and ornamented at the top with silk tassels, which were in vogue at that time. His dark and luxuriant hair contrasted splendidly with the white of a high and expanded forehead; and the resolution energy, and frankness, which it required no uncommon skill to read in his face and deportment, marked him as one of that class of men who win confidence at first sight.

George's life had been recently marked by two important incidents: he had offered his heart to Ada, and his sword to his country.

His affection for the object of his choice was returned with all the force of a loving and earnest heart. Seated side by side, enjoying the sweet communion of married souls, and growing into a keener knowledge and deeper appreciation of each other, their inner selves were elevated by an involuntary but combined influence; and under the sway of noble thoughts and aspirations they harmonized in a spiritual unity until their countenances so exhibited the affinity, that they might have been taken for brother and sister.

George had offered his services to his country because he felt that it was a time when every true man should stand by her in every way, in that day of her trial. He received no discouragement from Ada: she felt proud of his manhood, sympathized with his generous self-denial, and, notwithstanding the intensity of her affection, was ready to bear the

separation with cheerfulness, and incur the danger of losing him who was enshrined within her heart for ever.

That lovers should be so separated by a conviction that duty demanded the sacrifice may excite our respect; but when they thus lay their very hearts upon the altar of their country, not with the sad reluctance of a compulsory penance, but as a free-will offering of natures so noble that they feel even the happiness of self-denial, the spectacle becomes sublime.

George soon received a commission from the Government, with orders to join the army as soon as a regiment then about being formed should be completed.

The interval of a few weeks between the receipt of his orders and his departure passed with unusual rapidity. Whatever time he could command for himself was spent with Ada, and their souls ripened fast under that law of development which has its basis in lofty purposes; their affection, thus sublimated and strengthened, struck its roots deep in the generous soil of a cultivated humanity, and towered in the pure atmosphere of unselfishness.

The feelings that their relative situations called into vigorous exercise expanded their natures, sanctified their affections, and united their hearts in indissoluble bonds.

The very depth of their love forbade an exuberance of external manifestations, and certain romantic young ladies wondered at the calmness with which the soldier and his betrothed appeared to contemplate their fast-approaching separation. These sympathetic misses did most violently assert that they could never bear the thought of thus parting with a new, elegant, and accomplished lover; that it would positively kill them; but that it was nevertheless fortunate that there *were* people in this world less devoted and susceptible than themselves.

The exchange of miniatures between lovers was, on the part of George and Ada, something more than a mere compliance with usage. They had both thought of the chances of war, and it was with a saddened feeling that each placed the 'counterfeit presentment' in the hand of the other.

Ada had fastened a white ribbon to her picture, and as George received it, he reverently placed the treasure in his bosom. Ada examined her lover's miniature with critical care; she looked at it earnestly, then at him, and changed her glances from the portrait to the original, and from the original to the portrait, noting carefully the fidelity of the latter, and observing, too, wherein it fell short of a perfect delineation. As she finished her examination, she observed: 'With one thing in this likeness I am truly delighted: your *best smile* is there.' After this, she lifted the wavy hair of her betrothed, and cutting off a lock, remarked: 'I will have a ring with your hair and mine, George: the braided locks shall be the token of our union in this world, and the circle shall be the emblem of our union through eternity.'

These incidents occurred the evening before their separation.

The next day George called to bid farewell. After parting with the other members of the family, he was left alone with Ada, and clasping her to his arms, repeated the expression of his undying love, imprinted a parting kiss upon her lips, and hurried to depart, lest his feelings should

overcome him. He had just reached the door when Ada exclaimed, 'George!' He returned; she took his hand, led him to the window, and gazed with loving intensity upon his face; she pushed back his hair, passed her hand over the entire arch of his forehead, and looked at him silently and long, her eyes exhibiting the earnestness of her soul, while his gaze was entranced by the spiritual radiance of her beauty. Slowly the supernatural expression of her face passed away, and pressing her lips to his, she said in a firm but exquisitely tender voice, 'Dear George! Good bye!'

Their hearts were too full for words; she accompanied him to the old elm in front of the house, and saw him mount his horse; their hands were once more clasped; another farewell was exchanged, and they parted.

Outside the old elm, and close to the travelled road, Ada stood and looked on her lover while the distance fast widened between them; she saw him turn in his saddle and wave his handkerchief, and she replied by a like signal. Horse and rider became more and more indistinct, and then passed from her vision; the sound of distant hoofs fell upon her ear and died into silence, but her attitude remained unchanged; her extended hand still held aloft the signal that fluttered in the wind, and her eyes were still fixed down the road her lover had taken, long after every trace of him had been lost.

Her mother, watching from the window her only child, called, 'Ada!'

The statue-like figure stood unmoved, still gazing in the distance, and upholding the banner of love.

'Ada! dear Ada!' said her mother, in a louder tone.

Ada started as from a dream, and slowly returned.

Weeks passed away, and no tidings were received of George. Ada had lost the buoyancy of spirits that once animated her by turns, and the girlish look I have spoken of was no more seen in her countenance. She was not depressed or gloomy, but only softened into a sweeter grace.

Eventually a letter was received from George, a long and loving letter, full of those details of his new life which he knew Ada would value. He was pleased with his brother officers, and with the daily improvement in discipline of his regiment; his health had remained vigorous, and he expressed the belief that the duties of his new vocation had been acceptably performed.

Weeks passed again, and another letter was received. A battle had been fought. George gave a graphic sketch of the engagement, in which he had taken an active part. The contest was a severe one, and many on each side had fallen; but notwithstanding his great exposure, he had passed through the tragic scene without a wound.

A young man from the same town with George, and who was in the same regiment, wrote a letter to his parents which they sent to Ada for her perusal. She there read of George's gallant conduct in the action; of his kind attention to the wounded after the engagement; of his frequent presence in the hospitals; and of his ever-active benevolence, winning the love and admiration of all.

Weeks passed again, until a longer period had elapsed than ever before had intervened, and still no letter came.

A rumor was circulated that another battle had been fought, that George's regiment had suffered severely, and that several officers had been killed; but no one could trace the story to its source, and it died away.

Ada became nervous, and the very night before this rumor sprung up, she had been roused from her slumbers by a voice which uttered the one word, 'Ada!' but that one word was spoken in George's voice, and in a tone of affection so impressive as to drive sleep from her pillow during the hours that preceded her rising.

Strange that unrealities can appear so real!

It was certainly time to hear from her lover, and Ada thought each day that before the morrow news would come.

One morning, as she sat by the window where she had gazed so intently upon George on the day of his departure, the scene of that morning presented itself with unusual vividness, and she became transfixed with wonder to see her lover's form before her, looking at her as he had looked on the day of their separation, and with that smile full of noble sweetness, that gave such beauty of expression to his lips, when his heart was most full of noble thoughts. The vision departed, she knew not how.

Ada must have been very nervous!

Before she had time to reflect on this incident, she was startled by a knock at the door, and by hearing a man's voice making inquiry for her.

An officer entered the room, who introduced himself as a friend of George, and informed Ada that he had obtained leave of absence to convey a message from her lover.

'George is *dead*!' she exclaimed.

'He died in my arms,' was the reply.

The officer then narrated all the circumstances: the desperate engagement; the fatal wound, its rapid termination; the miniature with its white ribbon, stained with the blood of a noble heart; the order that the picture should be buried with him; the dying message; and the sure hope expressed of a reünion in another world.

'Having given his last orders, and sent his farewell message to you,' added her informant, 'he sank into my arms, and never spoke again until he was about to breathe his last; and indeed with his dying breath he uttered with intense feeling the one word, 'ADA.''

'At what hour of the night was this?' inquired Ada, with trembling eagerness.

'About twelve,' was the reply.

It was the very night and hour of her dream!

It is very true, as the philosophers tell us, that strange coincidences occur; but Hamlet was not mistaken when he said, 'There are more things in heaven and earth than were ever dreamed of in your *philosophy*.'

The grief of Ada manifested itself by no violent demonstration. For a long time after her lover's death she appeared to labor under a constant sadness, a sweet yet deep sadness, that did not make her a recluse, or keep her from the fulfilment of her accustomed avocations, but a sadness that every observer knew to be the mourning of the soul.

This, however, gave way in time to a brighter calmness, and although the brilliant gayety that once distinguished Ada in her lighter moods was gone for ever, a perennial cheerfulness encompassed her, a kindly care for the feelings and wishes of all, that made her alike welcome to young and old.

By the time this change had been completely wrought, her parents and friends thought that marriage was to be desired for her. She had neither brother nor sister, and when father and mother were gone she would be alone in the world.

A wealthy and highly respectable widower, with highly respectable connections, and a highly respectable number of highly respectable children, entertained the same opinion, and proposed marriage to Ada with the greatest confidence that she would perceive the fitness of the union.

Her refusal was not only positive, but haughty and scornful. In reply to the intercession of her mother, who valued the standing and moral worth of the new suitor, she answered that she would never consent to marry, but that a man who offered himself as if he were a prize in a lottery deserved nothing but contempt from a woman who had any self-respect.

The widower's offer became known, as he had no delicacy upon such points, and had freely mentioned it to his friends; and the young ladies declared that a great mistake had been made in refusing so excellent a match, and that 'it would be too bad for Miss Sinclair to die an old maid.'

Time seemed to have no effect in changing Ada's determination. Her parents died, and she still remained unmarried.

Feeling the want of some companionship, she adopted the orphan-daughter of a lady who had been one of her dearest friends.

Ruth could not have been educated under better auspices. Her training in every respect exhibited the acute judgment and excellent heart of her protectress. Indulged in every proper desire by one who understood and sympathized with her feelings, the finer tastes of the young girl were cultivated, and her heart and intellect developed, and this in a manner so natural and easy that Ruth could hardly feel that she had been trained at all. Her cheerful disposition had never been tried by any whims or ascetic notions, for Ada was perfectly free from both; and without making any effort to prove her capacity to educate a young lady, she did most effectually exhibit a remarkable fitness for the performance of a mother's duties.

Now that Ada was her own mistress, with a handsome competency, with high intelligence, great conversational power, a sweet disposition, a dignified and symmetrical figure, and a beauty which years had shadowed but not impaired, it is not to be wondered at that offers of marriage were received from various sources. But Ada had no coquetry in her disposition; and as she never gave encouragements, her refusals were respectful but peremptory.

She became 'an old maid,' but without a single characteristic that is usually connected with the title: she had no angularity of manner, no peevishness of disposition, no nervousness, no idle curiosity. She was

eminently graceful and dignified; fond of, and a favorite with the young; social in her feelings, and delicate in her perceptions. Her tastes were cultivated, and her conversation was cheerful without levity, and intelligent without mannerism.

Her beauty was, of course, different from that of her youth; less fresh and brilliant, but not less marked: it was softer and calmer, and the twilight shadows were significant only of serenity and peace.

Ruth could not have passed her young days more happily than with Ada. She loved her as a mother, and always called her by that hallowed name. She grew up to womanhood, and was plighted to a man well worthy of her. When in the very height of her happiness a cloud darkened her life, and her first serious sorrow came when Ada was stricken with a fatal disease.

Calmly and patiently the sufferer endured days of anguish, and well she knew that life's struggle would soon be at an end.

Her mind throughout her sickness had been clear, and knowing that she was failing fast, she called her adopted child to her side, and said very feebly, yet distinctly: 'My dear Ruth, my life is ebbing away rapidly. There is a picture next my heart which has ever been worn there since the day it was given me by him who loved me; let it be buried with me. This ring, which you know contains *his* hair and mine, you will take from my finger when I am gone, and wear it as a memento of one who sought to be a mother to you; and, dear child, in every trial of life remember the motto it bears.'

'Dear, kind, noble mother!' sobbed Ruth, 'my more than mother, because not my mother, I cannot bear to lose you!'

'Do not weep, my child,' said Ada, calmly; 'death has no gloom for those who have truly lived: we shall meet again where there shall be no more partings.'

The effort of speaking had exhausted her strength, and she lay for some minutes with closed eyes and heaving breast.

Rallying from her exhaustion, Ada lifted her wan hand feebly, and took from her bosom a miniature. She looked at it steadily, and as she looked, a light beamed from her eyes, and a smile dawned upon her lips: she turned her glance from the picture upward, as if to compare one aspect with another; the hand that held the miniature, fatigued with the effort, fell by her side on the bed, but her gaze was more intense than before, and fixed as on an object above her; her face became spiritualized as if she was breathing a celestial atmosphere; the light in her eyes deepened; the smile on her lips brightened.

The room was so still that Ruth scarcely dared to breathe. She turned as if for help, went to the bed-room door to summon the nurse, and then, fearing that death might ensue in her absence, returned and looked again on Ada, and was startled by the change.

The eye had lost its expression and was partly closed; the light had passed from the countenance, but the smile was still on her lips.

'Mother!' exclaimed Ruth. 'Mother! dear mother!'

Alas! the silence spoke!

The girl laid her hand on that of Ada, and the icy chill confirmed her fears.

Ruth gently removed the miniature from Ada's grasp, and before laying it on the bosom of the dead, looked at the picture: it was that of a young man in military costume, and his countenance, beautiful in features and intelligence, was made peculiarly attractive by a smile full of serene and sweet nobleness.

Struck with the expression, Ruth looked from the portrait to the form before her, and the same smile still rested on the lips of the dead!

Restoring the miniature to the place from whence Ada had drawn it, Ruth timidly and reverently removed the ring that had been bequeathed her, and looked for the motto; as she read it, her face glowed with emotion, and changed to an expression of tender but resolute calmness, as she read again the words engraved on the inner circle, 'FAITHFUL UNTO DEATH.'

MY EARLY THOUGHTS.

BY D. WENTWORTH.

'NAUGHT rises in my presence,
And meets my timid gaze,
Save Memory's buried corpses,
Exhumed from other days.'

Now Night has thrown her mantle o'er the earth,
And gloomy Darkness spread her sable pinions;
No sound is heard of revelry or mirth,
Throughout their wide dominions.

Life's choicest gift indulgent HEAVEN bestows,
And balmy sleep has hushed the spirit's yearning;
No anxious cares disturb its sweet repose,
No wearied hopes returning.

No voices loud are borne along the breeze,
No lights across the dewy meadow streaming,
And not a whisper's heard among the trees:
Silence itself is dreaming.

Yet I, alone, of all the living mass
That this terrestrial planet thus encumber,
Can find no ray of comfort, and, alas!
No peaceful slumber.

A weight of woe hangs o'er me like a cloud,
A sense of mingled shame and fear distressing;
Strange airy forms upon my vision crowd,
My heart with grief oppressing.

Strange airy forms: their everlasting flight
On tireless wings around about me hover,
Unnumbered as the stars that gem the night
In heaven's aerial cover:

Or as the leaves, when summer is no more,
The tempests scatter in their fierce commotion ;
Or as the sands that lie along the shore,
Lashed by the ocean :

Strange airy forms no efforts can evade,
Nor prayers nor supplications cause to vanish ;
No power transport them to the silent shade,
No conjurations banish.

In clouds they come, these relics of the past,
Like motes that sport in sunny rays together ;
Or like the snow-flakes falling thick and fast
In cheerless wintry weather :

Or like the mist that rises on the deep,
Or like the locusts of the desert winging ;
And round my couch perpetual vigils keep,
Unuttered anguish bringing.

They haunt my steps by day, my dreams by night,
For ever on my solitude are breaking ;
Nor bolts nor bars can hide them from my sight,
Sleeping or waking.

Unhappy sprites ! I know them but too well,
And what has changed so sadly their condition ;
Long since like heaven's angelic host they fell,
The victims of ambition.

They were the offspring of a boyish love,
Those early thoughts my wayward fancy nourished,
Like PALLAS springing from the brain of Jove,
And dearly cherished.

In dreams my brows with laurel-wreaths were bound,
Temples of greatness flung their shadows o'er me ;
I saw the future, bright with honors crowned,
In visions pass before me.

Imagination lent her eagle-wings
On loftiest aims intent, with beauty glowing,
And sought the depths of those unfailing springs
From God's own presence flowing.

Inspiring hopes my youthful bosom thrilled,
To reach the dizzy height where Fame reposes ;
But Fate disposed my steps in pathways filled
With thorns instead of roses.

Ah ! then, like early buds, those hopes expired,
When touched by Disappointment's icy fingers ;
And not a spark that once my bosom fired
For one brief moment lingers.

Some died ere yet their infant wings were plumed,
Poring in secret o'er the storied pages,
And with the bones of heroes were entombed,
The dust of by-gone ages.

Some in the flowery realms of Fiction strayed,
And in her deepest mazes were entangled,
Where low in death their tiny forms were laid,
By horrid monsters mangled :

Some in the lap of beauty ; some in bowers,
On rosy beds luxuriously reclining ;
And some in woods, with ever-freshening flowers,
In solitude repining.

Some strove in vain the rugged steep to climb,
Where stands the temple of the sacred Muses ;
But Death, whose foot-steps echo through all time,
No sacrifice refuses.

Some in old Ocean's 'dark, unfathomed caves,'
Where many a gallant ship lies sunk and rotten,
No requiem sung, save by the winds and waves,
Unnoticed and forgotten.

But who, alas ! the tale of woe shall tell ;
What pen shall e'er record the countless number
Of those who on the field of battle fell,
And in earth's bosom slumber ?

Amid the shock of arms, the deadly stroke,
The drum's inspiring charge, the thunder's crashing,
Where, through the sulph'rous canopy of smoke,
The lurid flames are flashing :

Where banners wave on high and terrors frown,
And plunging hoofs are dyed in rivers gory,
Thousands beheld the sun of life go down
Amid a blaze of glory.

Some died in mounting o'er the stony steep ;
Some 'i' the imminent deadly breach' have fallen,
Whom nevermore from their eternal sleep
Shall war's shrill trumpet call on.

And some, like Adams, in the Senate died,
Who ne'er in duty's path were known to falter ;
And some gave up, with patriotic pride,
Their lives on Freedom's altar.

Yet now they're gathering round me in the room,
Ethereal shapes in looks resembling mostly,
Gazing upon me with those eyes of gloom,
Those eyes so dim and ghostly.

From those bright fields where youth delights to sport,
And opening vistas show the future dawning,
The Land of Dreams, where Fancy holds her court,
Beyond the gates of morning :

From sunny isles, where sea-born zephyrs blow,
Kissing the leafy groves in twilight waving,
And silvery tides, harmonious, ebb and flow,
The banks so softly laving :

Where, far removed from Folly's idle throng,
Love's purest joys with Nature's sweetness blending,
So gently glides the stream of life along,
Nor toil nor care attending:

From shores yet unexplored and all unknown,
Where yet no fleets of commerce e'er have drifted,
Where rise nor towers of wood nor walls of stone,
By human hands uplifted:

From each dark cave of earth, each blooming field,
Where, like pure drops of gold in depths unmeasured,
The sparkling gems of knowledge lie concealed,
In rough-hewn caskets treasured:

Or where, with loftier flight, some daring band,
Aspiring high, beyond their strength's endeavor,
Snatched from APOLO's car a flaming brand,
And were struck down for ever:

From distant planets, and the wide domains
Of CHAOS old, with all his powers opposing,
Pale LUNA lights them from her barren plains,
When evening shades are closing.

There is no spot untraversed and unsearched,
Within the boundless range of Night's dominions,
But where some wandering thought awhile has perched,
Resting its weary pinions.

There's not a single ray that earthward springs
From yonder orbs, in heaven's deep azure burning,
But bears some spirit-thought upon its wings,
Back to its source returning:

Even from those happy valleys where the soul,
O'er death triumphant, her glad voice upraises,
Joined with that choir whose ceaseless anthems roll
In songs of praises.

Poor, poor deluded hopes! o'er their sad fate
How has my heart been grieved beyond expression!
My peace destroyed, my life made desolate
By early indiscretion!

How have I cast me down upon the earth,
And with salt tears the sod have freely watered!
How have I cursed the hour that gave them birth,
And doomed them to be slaughtered!

But ah! no time can heal their bleeding wounds,
No power restore them to their former station;
But wait they must till the last trumpet sounds
In patient resignation.

Thus shall repentance pierce the soul at last,
And grief atone for every sin's commission,
When tears blot out the records of the past,
And sorrows bring contrition.

Buffalo, 1852.

MORE TRANSCRIPTS

FROM THE DOCKET OF A LATE SHERIFF.

BY FREDERICK L. VULTE.

SKINNING A BROADWAY BUCK.

'DOING' the tailor seems to be a fashionable amusement, and there are hundreds of our gay young 'bloods' who deem getting into debt with at least the ninth part of humanity, the finishing-stroke to their education. At any rate, I know that with some of these gentry the principle is sought to be established, that a debt due to a tailor has not the moral force of other obligations, and thus by the indulgence of this idea they avoid the payment of a debt which has contributed in a great measure to give them an appearance and an outfit.

I dissent from the common notion, that 'nine tailors make a man.' Indeed, I know that often one *tailor makes the man*. He certainly, if he be an 'artist,' imparts a style and appearance to many a wretched mannikin, which can be created in no other way; and looking at the trials which the knights of the shears and the yard-stick are so frequently compelled to undergo by the class of persons above referred to, in the non-payment of their 'little obligations,' I do not wonder that I should occasionally have been called upon to render 'material aid' in my official capacity, stretched to the point of tension, to these very valuable and necessary vulgar fractions.

I was sitting in my office one afternoon, luxuriating in the enjoyment of a delicious cigar, buried in thought over a matter of business just then engaging my serious attention, when the door was opened, and a Mr. Clermont entered, and addressing me, said: 'Sheriff, I have a writ of replevin for a suit of clothes against a young 'gent.' who ordered them, promising the cash when the garments were sent to his hotel. I sent them,' he continued, 'by one of my boys, who delivered them to my customer, he requesting the lad to wait until the clothes were tried on, to see whether they fitted him. For this purpose the young 'gent.' went to his room, and after an interval of fifteen or twenty minutes he returned, decked in the new suit, saying to the boy, 'that the clothes suited him very well indeed, considering they were the first clothes Mr. Clermont had made for him; that there were a few trifling alterations to be made, which he would point out to Mr. Clermont himself; and that when he called on Mr. Clermont he would settle with him in person.' The boy, on hearing this story, although charged by me particularly not to leave the clothes without having the bill paid, deeming the complaint a plausible one, and the young 'gent.' appearing to him (*in the new clothes*) as one who was all truth, left him, and returned to my store. Now, Mr. Sheriff, I waited three days for the fellow to call on me, and have called myself, and sent to his hotel several times for the purpose of seeing him,

but I have not been so fortunate as to meet with him, and, as a last resource, have availed myself of the powers of a writ of replevin to get my goods. This I am directed by my attorney to place in your hands for service. Here is the writ, Sir.'

I took the writ from him, and after examining it, I asked him 'if he had any one near at hand to accompany me, for the purpose of identifying the goods.'

He answered, 'that his foreman was then present, and that I could avail myself of his services in that behalf as long as I required.' Mr. Clermont then left me, 'wishing success to us in the object of our mission.'

Taking with me my old friend, Mr. HENRY THISON, for so long a time an attaché of the Sheriff's office, 'whereof the memory of man runneth not to the contrary;' a perfect Coryphæus in the way of finding out the locale of gentlemen equally short of memory and money; accompanied by Mr. Clermont's foreman, Mr. Planker, we proceeded on our journey.

'Do you know where he is to be found?' said I to Planker.

'Haven't an idea,' said he.

'Never mind, that's of no consequence. I'll have him before the devil gets him,' said Thison, brightening up, and raising his old bald-eagle face in the air.

'Very well,' said I, 'that's soon enough.'

Thison led the way, and soon we arrived at the hotel we suspected to be the fortress of the enemy, the defendant in my writ.

I went to the office, and inquired 'if Mr. Byefield was in,' and was told that 'he was at his dinner.'

I waited till dinner was over, and presently my attention was called by Mr. Planker, who 'pointed' Mr. Byefield out to me.

Perceiving that he had no overcoat, and that my writ called for one, I permitted my gentleman, before communicating with him, to select his own from the hotel wardrobe, where such garments are usually deposited by the boarders. As a matter of policy, perhaps, it was well I did so, as I might have had considerable trouble in finding that winter habit if I had been put to the service of looking for it.

'Accoutred as I was,' writ in hand, I accosted Mr. Byefield.

'Mr. Augustus Byefield?' said I to him, interrogatively.

'That is my name, Sir,' said he.

'A little private business with you, Sir,' said I.

'Walk this way, Sir, if you please,' said he.

His request to me was not only complied with by me, but by my attaché, Thison, and Mr. Planker also, who, doubtless, supposed a request for me to 'walk this way' was an invitation to the '*tres junctus in uno*,' and was intended for the party.

'A little *private* business!' said he, addressing me, looking at my friends inquiringly. 'I cannot understand this, Sir. Who are these people?'

'They are friends of mine,' I replied; 'one an assistant and the other a helper in a pressing emergency. I am the sheriff, Mr. Byefield,' continued I, 'and I have a writ of replevin wherein you are the defendant and Mr. Thomas Clermont is the plaintiff; and I am directed to replevin certain articles of dress which you procured him to make, which he avers.

you 'wrongfully took and unjustly detain,' and which are described in the writ, and which I am commanded to take.'

'Well, Sir,' said he, 'and your intention is — what?'

'My intention is to *take* the articles of clothing wheresoever they may be, if I can find them,' I replied.

'He's got them on,' said Planker to me; 'he's got them on his body, Sheriff.'

'Well, Sir,' said Byefield, (constantly that 'well, Sir,' with a species of bravado in its pronunciation,) 'well, Sir, suppose I have,' he replied, addressing Planker, 'what then? Am I to understand, Mr. Sheriff,' continued he, 'that this man,' pointing to Planker, 'is your helper in a *pressing* emergency? I fancy that he is often engaged in a *hot-pressing* service.'

'A very fair shot,' thought I, 'at the language of my introduction of Mr. Planker, and at his profession.' But being disposed to protect from insult all who accompanied me in matters of business, I intimated to Mr. Byefield 'that I expected decorous treatment of my assistants while engaged in my service on his part, so long as no offence was committed.'

'If, Sir,' said I to Byefield, assured by Planker that the clothes were on his person, 'you do not deliver to me the goods claimed by my writ, I shall be compelled to adopt the alternative required of me, in the event of my not finding the property, to wit, take your body and lodge the same in the county jail.'

This announcement staggered Byefield somewhat, who inquired of me, tauntingly, 'if I had the power to do *that*?', and recovering himself in a moment, he continued: 'You appear determined, Sir, to exercise what I would characterize as arbitrary power, without law or justice to sustain you. But, Sir, beware! Let me caution you not to trample on a citizen's rights. And though you are sustained here by two of your satellites, and have a manifest advantage of me for the moment, let me say, Sir, there shall be a day of reckoning; and when it comes, beware, Sir; beware of its terrible, crushing effects upon you, for thus exercising a power not warranted by the law!'

This gasconade did not frighten me a bit: 'my withers were unwrung.' But it was truly laughable to see how Byefield, after having let off so much effervescence, *gaited* and strutted about. I was the only one of my party not affected by it. And my old assistant, Thison, taking me by the arm, and asking me to step aside for a moment, which I did, addressed me as follows:

'Be you right?' said he, taking off his hat, and looking for all the world like a colossal bald-headed eagle in a quandary.

'I am, Tise,' said I. We always called him 'Tise' for shortness' sake.

'I'll stick by you,' said he, 'right or wrong; but one allers works better, you see, when he knows he's right. You know better than I do about the law, and am better reversed in them things than I. I'm bound to stick by you any way, and I will *do* it too.'

'I thank you, my old friend. I knew you would,' said I.

Determined to pursue the remedy which I had intimated to Byefield, I told him that the property must forthwith be delivered to me, or else I must do 'the other thing;' namely, take him to jail.

'Well, Sir,' (invariably that 'well, Sir,') 'I see I am completely in your power,' said he; 'and I suppose,' continued he, 'as I am unable to furnish satisfactory bail, you will carry your threat into effect unless I deliver the goods to you, which, upon a second thought, I have concluded to do.'

'It is the best course,' said I to him, 'and I am heartily glad you have come to that conclusion, inasmuch as you will then have done an action which, if it attaches no credit to you, (the same being rendered upon compulsory process,) saves you at least from a very great temporary inconvenience: I mean luxuriating in our castle, where the inmates enjoy their '*déjeuner*' not '*à la fourchette*,' but with a spoon, and an iron one at that.'

'You are severe, Mr. Sheriff,' said he.

'But correct,' interrupted I.

'Here, Mr. Sheriff,' said he to me, languishingly, 'here is my overcoat,' taking the same from off his back and extending it to me; 'here is my overcoat, take it.'

'No, no, Mr. Augustus Byefield,' said I, 'you cannot 'come that game' on me. I see you are very well skilled in the knowledge of the law; but trust me, my learned Coke, I am not so verdant.'

'You will not take it!' continued he, in the same manner.

'Yes, I will take it,' I answered, 'when the rest of the goods the writ calls for are at the same time delivered. I understand what I am about, Mr. Byefield; and I am perfectly aware, too, that by recent decisions the law is that when a sheriff, charged with the service of a writ of replevin, takes any one or more of the articles called for by the writ, he cannot hold the defendant to bail for the balance, but the plaintiff must sue out an *alias* writ; and perhaps *you* have been taking lessons in the 'useful branches.' You see I am as well posted,' I continued, 'as you are.'

'Good for him,' said OLD TISE, chuckling. 'The sheriff's got Byefield, '*by-a-field*,' and he's '*lamming*' him, and he can't get off without a skinning.'

I couldn't avoid laughing at the murderous pun Old Tise let off so joyously, miserable as it was.

'Now, Mr. Byefield,' said I, 'tis useless for you to procrastinate this business: you may as well, first as last, give in, and let me have, quietly and freely, what I am here to demand from you.'

At this juncture, I hardly knew how or in what manner to proceed to get the clothes. I well knew I could not so trespass upon his personal rights as to seize his person and by force strip him. I was in a quandary, and it would not do to let Byefield know of the perplexity which filled my mind. I was perfectly aware, despite his *bravado* manner, that he feared me; still, to tell him that he 'must go to his room and shed his feathers' was beyond my usual impudence, and I could not do it. The clothes must be got, however, but how, I could not tell; there was but one way, and I could not insist that Byefield should comply. I was in hopes that he would offer to give them to me voluntarily, but I mistook the cause of his not doing so.

While thus pondering, 'OLD TISE' asked me to step aside. (Cautious and cunning as he was always reputed, in this I think he exceeded himself.)

'What be you thinking about?' whispered he; 'you ain't in a fix are you, Sheriff? Take my advice, SKIN HIM,' said he, in a low voice; 'SKIN HIM. Let me do it. I'll do it first rate.'

Happy suggestion, I thought at once, and the intimation as well as the offer to do it, coming from him, I at once yielded to him the glory and the honor of *skinning the buck*.

'Mr. Byefield,' said Mr. THISON, addressing him, 'which is your room? you'd better come along with me to your room and give me your clothes, or else the sheriff directs me to take you to jail.'

Byefield, thus addressed, examined with an inquiring gaze the strongly-marked physiognomy of the eagle-headed old gentleman, and observing the force and determination of the old man's eye, capitulated at once, and led the way to his room.

I remained below and awaited the result, being perfectly satisfied that if there was a man in the world equal to the operation, 'OLD TISE' was he. I waited but a short time, when my attaché rejoined me with a bundle in his hand, chuckling, giggling, and laughing, evidently satisfied with the wondrous feat, unparalleled, I fancy, in all the experiences of a sheriff from the time of the Book of Daniel, (see chap. iii, v. 2,) to the present.

'You did it?' said I.

'I did; I skinned him; I peeled him,' said he: 'and the worst of it is, Byefield ain't got any other clothes but summer ones. He sold out his old suit when he got these new ones, I guess. It come hard for him to give in, but I told him,' continued OLD THISON, 'the sheriff was determined, and he'd got to comply or go to jail. Jail he said he would n't go to, bekase he'd never get out if he once got in. He first laid down his overcoat and then took off his coat, vest, and pantaloons, and gave 'em up to me, and here they are, Sir, tied up in this here bundle.'

'But, my friend, my dear TISE, did you say that the fellow had not a change of winter clothes?'

'Not a rag: it's a fact; he ain't got another suit, but summer clothes; and when I got done with the skinning,' said the old man, (his voice a little thick, I thought,) 'he went to bed, whimpering like a child, and kivered himself up. That's the hull of the story, and here's the bundle.'

'You seem to relent; you regret being engaged in this matter, do n't you, TISE? Speak out.'

'No I don't, God bless you, (a favorite exclamation of his.) No I don't. I'd do it ag'in, but it was hard. He cried, he did, jist like a baby.'

'I think he would cry; I am sure he had sufficient cause,' said I, 'after such an effectual skinning as you gave him.'

'I skinned him from top to toe, 'cept stockings and shirt,' said the old man, chuckling.

'And you left him *'in puris naturalibus'*, almost,' said I, commiseratingly.

'Jist as you say, Mr. Sheriff, although I don't know nothing about the Latin or the hard words. I skinned him, I did; and I didn't draw the first drop of blood; and I got his hide here in this here bundle.'

The old man prided himself on this achievement, but, said he, 'I seen the thing in the sheriff's eye; he winked to me to do it; and when he winks to me,' continued he, 'I knows what to do, and what's to be done, and, gracious me! when him and me works together, we make the feathers fly.'

I don't know how Mr. Augustus Byefield got out of the dilemma in which I left him, *sans* every thing but the shirt and stockings, nor do I now much care.

The clothes were returned by me to Mr. Clermont, (the done tailor,) who was particularly pleased at the issue of the affair, and more particularly as Mr. Byefield was so effectually embarrassed by me, and left in no pleasing state of conjecture as to whether he had not been fairly *cut up raw* as well as served up *without dressing*.

R E M E M B R A N C E .

B Y R. M. C.

I.

THINK of me kindly when my life is o'er:
 I ask no tear; I ask no useless sigh;
 But when the heart that loved thee throbs no more,
 Let not its memory in thy bosom die;
 Forget the errors that have caused thee pain,
 Think only of the virtues that you knew,
 When, linked together in love's willing chain,
 Life o'er our pathway its sweet blossoms threw.

II.

Think of me kindly when my life is o'er:
 Thou knewest—thou alone—the heavy care,
 The poisoned arrows that my bosom tore,
 The wounded spirit, and its fierce despair;
 Thou knewest—thou alone—when God's own hand
 Poured in the balm that made those sorrows cease,
 When e'en afflictions, at His kind command,
 Brought with them messages of hope and peace.

III.

What grief hath touched me that thou hast not felt?
 What joy hath blessed me that thou hast not shared?
 Our hearts together at one altar knelt,
 Our feet together to one shrine repaired;
 And when these ties have all been snapped in twain,
 To reunite upon this earth no more,
 Still let their gentle memory remain:
 Think of me kindly when my life is o'er!

Savannah, Geo.

S O M E G E R M A N S O N G S .

BY DONALD MACLEOD.

XI.

THE CASTLE BY THE SEA.

Has't seen the ancient castle,
The castle by the sea?
The clouds that hang above it
Golden and rosy be.

It seemeth to bow fondly
Toward the mirror lake below;
It seemeth to struggle upward
Toward the ruddy evening glow.

'Yes, I have seen the castle,
The old towers by the sea;
The moon shone o'er it dimly,
The mists lay heavily.'

The music of wind and billow
Sounded gay and strong?
From those halls so ancient heard'st thou
Harps and the voice of song?

'The winds and all the billows
In stillest rest were cast;
But I heard from those halls a wailing
That made my tears stream fast.'

Saw'st thou the king so stately
With the lady queen come down?
The wave of the purple mantle,
The gleam of the golden crown?

Guided they not their darling,
A lovely maiden there,
Beauteous as God's dear star-light
Bright with her golden hair?

'Well saw I both the parents
Undecked with crown or gem,
In the deepest mourning raiment:
No maiden was with them.'

LUDWIG UHLAND.

XII.

THE BLACK KNIGHT.

It was the joyous Whitsun feast,
And wold and wood in green were drest;
Then the king arose and spake:
'So too from all
Of ancient Hofburg's halls
Shall a richer spring-time break.'

Drum and festal trump were ringing,
Crimson banners gaily swinging;
Looked the king from the balcon near:
In the lists, his son
Made the knights each one
Bite the dust 'neath his stalwart spear.

Then there rode within the rail
A knight encased in swartest mail:
'Thy name and arms?' He barred his helm:
'Should I these deliver,
Ye would quake and shiver:
I am the lord of a mighty realm!'

When he spurred his charger dread,
Dark grew the heavens overhead,
The castle shook from roof to floor.
At the first course
Fell the prince from his horse;
Scarce could he raise himself once more.

Flute and viol called to dancing;
Torches in the hall were glancing:
Then came the mighty Shadow in;
Neared the king's daughter,
And courteously besought her
The dancing with him to begin.

Danced he helmeted and mailed,
Danced so that the feasters quailed:
In his arms cold grows the maid;
From hair and bosom
Fall the frail summer blossoms
Upon the earth, and there they fade.

Then to the rich table came
Every knight and every dame;
And amid the glittering ring,
Looking with pride
On the children at his side,
Sate in silence the gray-headed king.

Paler the children grew and weaker,
As the dark guest proffereth a beaker:
'Drink! the red wine cureth every ill.'
The children drank,
Murmured their courteous thanks,
But said, 'The draught is very, very chill.'

Each the father's neck embraces
With emotion, and their faces
Grow as pallid and as cold as clay.
Chilled and horrified,
The king his children eyed:
Dead, dead on his paternal heart they lay.

'Both my children, Bringer of Sadness,
Takest thou from me in youth's gladness:
Take me too, the joyless king.'
Spake the grim guest
Out from his hollow chest:
'Old man! I gather roses in the Spring!'

LUDWIG UHLAND.

EASTERN SKETCHES.

BY JOHN P. BROWN.

A NIGHT IN RAMAZAN, 1852, AT CONSTANTINOPLE.

EVERY person in the United States knows more or less about Mohammed the Prophet, about Mossulmans, and about Constantinople. Most have read of the Caliphs, in connection with Bagdad, and incognito visits by the said supreme functionary in the scenes of the 'Arabian Nights;' and even the word or title of Sultan is familiar in the minds of many as being that borne by the valiant Saracen Saladin, who so nobly opposed the efforts of Richard the Lion-Hearted to deprive him of the sainted land of Palestine, which he had taken from the degenerate and timid Christians of that period.

Here, in the 'City of the Sultan,' the 'Abode of the Caliph,' in the 1268th year of the 'Flight,' or of the *Emigration*, as some pious Mossulmans are pleased to call the going of their Prophet from Mecca to Medina to escape his enemies, was the holy fast celebrated and observed which he ordered in commemoration of the descent of the blessed Koran from the loftiest heaven. Shade of the Islam Prophet! who became a Moslem for the same reason that Luther and Calvin became Protestants: from aversion for the degraded and sinful faith of the nominal Christians, whose dogmas were equal to, if not indeed worse than, the idolatry of the Arabian; in the goodly city of Constantine, to the conquest of which you inspirited the successors of your 'companions,' thy prediction has proven true:

'They will take Constantinople: the best prince is he who will make this conquest, and the best army will be his.'

The first Ramazan occurred, most probably, in the midst of summer, for the word signifies in Arabic *heat*. By the rotation of the lunar months it annually recedes some ten days, and thus, in about thirty years, it occurs in all the seasons. Now it is in the heart of winter: the days are short, the winds and weather are cool, or even cold, the atmosphere is fraught with moisture, and even the laborer exposed in open air does not suffer from the observance of the commands of the Prophet. But when, as during the present year, 1852 — 1268, it fell in midsummer, the fast commenced at three-quarters past two A. M., from the moment when a white hair can be distinguished from a black one, and lasted until sunset, at near eight o'clock P. M., some eighteen hours. During all this time the faithful and devout Mossulman neither ate nor drank; nor, what is much worse, did he once inhale the fumes of the famed weed tobacco. Cruel deprivation, which mortifies the flesh and turns the thoughts upward, in resignation to the decrees of the last and best of the prophets!

The new moon of Ramazan is seen in the edge of the western sky. The cannons of the Bosphorus proclaim the commencement of the long

fast. It lasts a whole month; and at its close the flesh is mortified, the spirits are depressed, love for the Islam faith is increased, hatred for the infidel is renewed and strengthened, and the heart again only opens and expands with the approach of another new moon.

During the forenoon, Stamboul is silent and dull. The Mossulman has lain down to rest, so as to pass over at least a portion of the fast. By half-past two o'clock A. M. he has taken his last meal, the cannon has sounded, and, as he has spent the greater portion of the night in conversation with his friends, he now throws himself upon his couch, and reposes until about noon. Thus some eight or ten hours of the eighteen are gone by, and he seeks for relief for the remainder in quiet promenades throughout the bazaars, the larger and more frequented streets, or by a visit even to the Infidel Hill of Pera, where are the Ghiaour maidens in all their beauty, engaged in the classic pastime of shopping. Even the good Mossulman condescends to glance at the bright eyes and intelligent faces of the daughters of the *unfaithful*, and wish *they* were even so. Slowly ascending the rugged heights of Pera, the oblivion-seeking follower of the Prophet, who promised innumerable Houries to those who should remain faithful to his creed, doubtless re-freshens his faith before the images of those half-angel, half-human maidens afore stated; just as the devout Catholic or Greek strengthens his religious belief before the images or the pictures of his beloved Madonna and her Son.

The streets of Stamboul are thus almost deserted during the forenoon. The Kibab shop is closed. No fumes of those delicious mouthfuls of tender lamb, roasted on the skivver before the glowing embers, gush forth from the Stamboul restaurant to greet and relieve the half-famished Ghiaour, as over-heated he stops in his career through the intricate labyrinth of the bazaars, to uncover his bald pate, to wipe away the perspiration which flows down his heated features, or to swear at the ignorance and the dishonesty of his guide. Even the *shakeejee*, or confectioner, who sells 'Drops of Comfort,' by its own Arabic name of *Rabat il Korm*, and not by the New-York title of fig-paste — an article composed of no figs or any other fruit, but simply made of starch formed of rice-flour, scented with rose-water — has retired to his rest. The *sherbetjee*, too, 'has lain down in his lair,' and no longer invites the thirsty infidel to slake his thirst with a glass of delicious sherbet, cooled with snow from the summits of Mount Olympus, where imperial Jove was once wont to keep down his troublesome passions, and drink of the 'nectar of the gods,' which trickled down the mountain-side from under the white, snowy mosses that eternally lay on the dizzy heights of that lofty mountain. The *sanjee*, too, has disappeared. Water is forbidden to the Islamite, and the Ghiaour dare scarce taste it in his presence, lest his 'evil eye' fall upon him as he puts the vessel to his mouth. Alas! the *khavéjee* only just now has rolled off his cushion; and instead of offering you the juice of the odorous berry, stares at you listlessly as you pass by his door. The poor Greek peasant from the country must allay his thirst at the neighboring fountain, erected by Mossulman charity and benevolence. The Armenian looks slyly round him as he ventures to tantalize his Mohammedan masters by violating *their* fast in their presence, and by cooling his parched throat with a mug of clear water, awaken Islam fanati-

cism against the Christian, which only slumbers, and would be 'up and acting' if the strong hand of the European did not threaten. Even the numerous dogs of the great city seem to fall in with the religious observances of the Mossulman. As the latter feast only at night, the dogs are compelled to keep vigils also, and to procure the 'crumbs which fall from their tables;' consequently they remain awake all night, and sleep during the succeeding forenoon. They even participate in the ill humor of their masters; and while they lie drowsily in the middle of Stamboul's narrow streets, woe betide the unfortunate Ghiaour who may happen to rest his inattentive heel upon their tails! The Mossulman might possibly escape with a growl, but the infidel would certainly be bit. The homeless, nameless, and houseless cur knows him by instinct, as if the very air of Ramazan inspired him with hatred for its non-observers.

But how different is the night of Ramazan from the day! As its close approaches, the moon has quite withdrawn her face from mortal sight. Long before the sun has set, the moon has retired to her rest, fatigued with her day-duty of watching over the religious observances of her Moslem children. She has, however, left behind her an innumerable family of young and gentle ones, whose bright eyes seem to twinkle with delight at the absence of their parent, or whose lustre is increased by the responsibility of their pious charge.

Long before the sun has set, from out of nook and corner (and they are many in the great city of Stamboul) come forth the followers of the Islam Prophet, male and female, master and slave, mistress and concubine, grown-up persons and young children, all, to prepare for their *iftar*, or breakfast. The squares of the city are filled with promenaders. Arabas (carriages) and horses, or even donkeys, are now in requisition for the evening ride. Mothers and wives visit the bazaars, and purchase clothing for the approaching Bairam for their slaves or their own children. The last days of Ramazan are looked forward to as eagerly by the shopman of Stamboul as Easter, or rather Christmas, is in the far and distant land of the West. The slave groans under the weight of her mistress's purchases, or the master's attendant is wearied with the many orders, which hurry him from bazaar to bazaar in search of this or that peculiar apparel, jewel, or amber mouth-piece. Toward sunset you should see the Islam Houries of *this* world, returning from their afternoon engagements in search of choice silks from Broosa, from Damascus, or from Persia! Those from Frankistan are also needed for their wide trousers, or *antartree*, (skirted robes.) Cashmere shawls, Syrian scarfs, embroidered kerchiefs, made by the humbler and poorer Greek maidens of Stamboul, jewels or pearls from the *Jevair Bezezen*, or Jewel Bazaar, are all needed for the coming festivity of Bairam. In some of the mosques' courts all that is ancient, obsolete, or *rococo*, is now exposed for sale, and many while away an hour in examining oddities which are no longer in use. But the sun is setting, and every one hurries homeward to be ready to partake of the evening meal so soon as the cannon on the Bosphorus proclaim that the day's luminary has disappeared in the western horizon.

It is night. The *iftar* is over; the wealthy gentleman of Stamboul has had friends of rank to dine with him; his *kovak*, or winter-house, is lighted up from the ground-floor, on which reside his servants, to the

extreme end of the *harem*. The passer-by perceives a busy running to and fro of females behind the closely-latticed windows; he may hear the sound of mirthful laughter, the soft tone of some delicate voice; he almost imagines he can see the sparkling of bright eyes through the lattices, but no features can possibly be seen. There will be the sound of music and song, perhaps of dancing; he may even hear the clacking of castanets, and the plaudits of the witnesses. 'Afarin! afarin!' 'Bravo! bravo!' bursts from the lips of the delighted follower of the blessed Prophet, as he jerks away his jewelled amber mouth-piece from between his lips, and, puffing forth a huge volume of smoke, joins in the praise of the *kutchek*, or dancing-boy, as he makes a spring which puts the *alamehs* of Missir, or the Nautch girls of the older Hind, to blush by its agility and grace. No doubt many a cup of the forbidden wine is quaffed this evening where it ought not to be done; and many an excited head falls back, in the folds of Lethe or of Morpheus, upon the soft and luxurious divan; but the passing infidel stranger sees it not.

In the public coffee-houses there is also the sound of laughter and of frolicsome mirth. Here *Kara Geus* and *Hadjay Watt*, the two 'dramatis personæ' of the only Mossulman stage which exists, rule supreme over the risible faculties of their audiences. In one of the angles of the coffee-shop is erected a small stage, reminding one strongly of the field of action of the English 'Punch and Judy.' At the opened window soon appear two figures; one a very 'young man about town,' in the fanciful habiliments of the day, and attended by a comrade of more than doubtful respectability. *Hadjay Watt* panders to the tastes of his moneyed employer, and becomes a victim to his ignoble calling. Gross is the wit and grosser the performance; yet the audience is often convulsed with laughter, and more refined talent would poorly suit the tastes of the inmates of the coffee-house.

Not far from this abode of the tragic Muse is another scene, more Oriental still; and here the passing Ghiaour may rest his limbs, and hear the exciting tale told by the *Meddah*. On an elevated platform, seated in a pretty arm-chair, is Méhémed Effendi, the narrator of tales which he composes on the spur of the moment, like the improvisatore of gentler Italy. He holds in his hand a baton of office; over his neck or shoulder is thrown a colored handkerchief; he has no other prompter than his own inspiration; he requires no orchestra to relieve the audience in the *entr'actes*, nor any decorations to help enchant the imaginations of his hearers. Every voice is hushed, every figure is still, as he rises to commence:

'By narrators of strange occurrences, by the tellers of curious tales, and by those authors who have expended the capital of their lives in writing the history of events of note, it is told, that in the time of the Caliphs of Bagdad there once dwelt a wealthy merchant on the right bank of the Tigris, whose riches could not be told, so great was their amount, and their value beyond all account. This rich person was as benevolent and charitable as he was wealthy. No poor man was ever sent away unbefitted from his door; nor did any afflicted individual ever expect his sympathies in vain.'

Then he goes on to add that:

'This great and wealthy merchant was blessed in all his wishes, except that he had no other child than an only daughter,' etc.

The beauty of this girl, her talents, her marriage with the son of a neighbor, her subsequent misfortunes, the foolish jealousy of her husband, the means which were taken to cure him of his unjust apprehension, the ludicrous scenes into which his jealousy led him, etc., amuse the audience, while it contains many a good lesson to those tainted with the same passion. At intervals the Meddah rises, and appealing to the audience for a proof of their interest in the tale, 'hands round a cup, and takes up the congregation;' after which, renewing the same story, he continues to call forth the plaudits of the hearers, especially the younger ones.

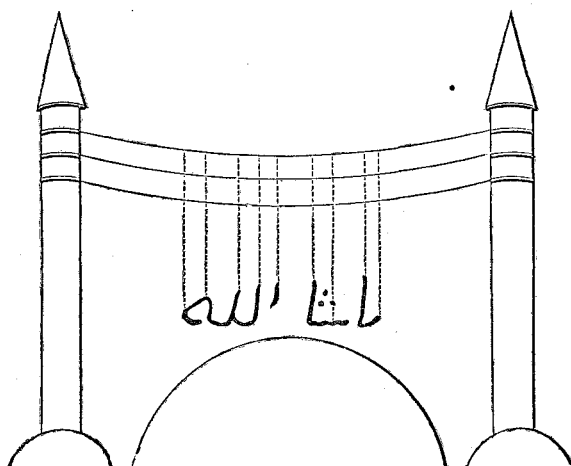
At night in Ramazan all Stamboul is 'wide awake' until past midnight. Lights are every where flitting, the streets are full of people, (all males, of course.) Before the outer doors of the coffee-houses, in front of the dwellings of the wealthy or the official, numerous persons are seated on the *skemlays*, or low four-footed stools of the country, puffing from sticks each three to five feet in length, with a small oven or fire-place at one end, and a let-out for the smoke at the other. Persons of rank never visit the coffee-houses at any time; even officers of the army of the grade of captain are forbidden frequenting them; consequently their inmates are the workmen, or at best a few shop-keepers, or *rentiors*, who may choose their own society. There are no places for drinking other liquids than coffee, sherbet, lemon or orangeade, and pure cool water. The result is seen in the quiet nature of the character and conduct of the Mossulmans. Perhaps in no portion of this great city, containing some nine hundred thousand inhabitants, more than one-half of whom are followers of the Prophet, will a 'fight' arise during a night in Ramazan. Coffee and tobacco, used as they use them here, have the contrary effect: they soothe and lull the mind, hush all the warmer passions, and draw forth the better feelings of man for man. No 'Maine Law' has yet been needed among the Mossulmans of Stamboul. Rum is neither manufactured nor sold among them, although the 'good people' of Boston, who, as

'Solid men of Boston drink no strong potations,'

send the same out to the 'good people' of Stamboul; and 'Pure Boston Rum' barrels encumber the streets of this eastern city for the pious and philanthropic purpose of aiding in civilizing a 'people' who are making exertions in their own behalf toward that condition which by the world is generally called 'Civilization.' If any intemperance exists among the followers of the Prophet, it is mostly limited to the higher classes. The Pacha, the Bey, and the Effendi are said to indulge in stronger 'potations' than do the people of the lower classes, and, not being good judges of 'the article,' use the most injurious of ardent spirits. The country produces excellent wines, which are better flavored and less injurious than the liquors or other strong drinks sent here from civilized Europe and America, but they are not yet appreciated.

Islam temples, Jâmies, Mosquées, Mesjeds, or simpler Mosques, how splendid in your simplicity! Sublime in the loftiness of your domes and minarets, elegant in your form and structure, impressive in the object of your erection! Correctly have your elevated columns been named,

whence the Muezzin calls the Faithful to prayer. *Minaret*, 'the place of light,' is peculiarly so in Ramazan. The rings which encircle their apex, where the slender point tapers toward the summit, one, two, or three, according to the rank and size of the mosque, are lighted up with small lamps, small zones of brilliancy, shedding life and light around them, and directing the eyes of the Faithful to that more distant firmament to which they point. Then between the minarets are suspended, on strong ropes, thousands of lights, so arranged as to form different objects; such as the state-barge of the Sultan, his monogram, called in Turkish *Toogra*, a tent, a cannon, or verses from the Koran, or others complimentary to the Sultan. From a distance these lights present a most brilliant and pleasing appearance. The figures are made by the Muezzins first in paper, and then imitated somewhat as in the following *Mashalla*! 'Wonderful!' or, verbatim, 'What God has willed:'



During Ramazan there are two holy nights which are peculiarly observed by the Faithful: the one on the fifteenth, when the Sultan and all the higher officers of his government assemble in the old Seraglio, at the kiosk in which the cloak of the blessed Prophet is kept, to perform the ceremony of kissing and praying over this sacred garment. No infidel eyes have ever fallen on the cloak. There is a tradition that once a Jew had the audacity to turn his head or his face in the direction in which it was being carried by, on the way to the army, then assembled on the heights called Daoud Pacha. Immediately the crowd of faithful Mossulmans exclaimed in loud, vociferous tones against the sacrilege, and predicted that the Jew would straightway become blind. This, indeed, at once occurred. The poor fellow placed his hand over his orbs of vision, and exclaiming that he had suddenly lost his sight, was led away from the scene of his awful temerity. It is not positively known that he ever perfectly recovered; but as he is said to have been able to pursue his way quite alone, and to have walked at a brisk rate, soon after reaching a point beyond the sound and reach of the Mossulman crowd which ac-

accompanied the holy cloak of their blessed Prophet, it is believed that he had become 'considerably better.'

The cloak was once worn by the Prophet himself in the course of his earthly pilgrimage, and has long since been converted into a standard, which is only exposed when his successor, the Sultan, who has assumed the title of Caliph, is desirous of collecting the Faithful around him for the purpose of proclaiming his war a holy one against the enemies of the true faith. It is then carried in procession beyond the walls of the city, in the midst of the army, and at a propitious moment, ascertained by the court astrologers, is unfurled, and the *Ghaza*, or holy foray against infidels, is proclaimed to the devout and belligerous Faithful. There is some reason to believe that the real holy cloak (no doubt by this time 'holey' enough) is either in Vienna or Rome, taken in the Christian wars with the Mossulmans; but I would not wish to lessen your faith in the identity of the present garment, for modern civilization is clearing away the veil of romance fast enough without my destroying the only part of the story of this piece of Oriental poetry which is interesting. This must, therefore, be the veritable garment worn by the blessed Prophet in the republican, democratic days of Arabia, and none other; and I wonder not, that on the stated night of Ramazan the higher officers of the Ottoman court crowd around it, to touch its hem and press its border to their adoring lips. Such is Man. It is in vain that the strict Presbyterian admits of no outward show of religion; the dull, dry faith of the 'inner man' is but half faith, and burns dimly in the recesses of the heart. The external sense demands gratifications, so as to keep alive the warmth within; and that devotion is a lively one which shows itself in its attachment to the external and visible representation of the unseen and distant object of its affections. It is well to talk of 'principles, and not men:' they are both strongly united, and the regard shown to the latter (and certainly in no country stronger or more fervently than in the free, intelligent, and proud Republic of the United States) by the sincere, deep affection, almost idolatry, which is felt for the representatives of the principles to which men believe they are devoted.

The second chief night of Ramazan is that called *Kader Gajaser*, or, in the language of the originator of the Koran, '*Laylet al Kader*,' or *night of power*. By this is meant the night in which the great exhibition of the Divine power occurred, by the descent from heaven of the 'greatest and last of inspired books,' the 'blessed Koran.' Of this night it is stated in the Koran, in the chapter called that of 'Power:'

'We have caused it to descend from heaven in the night of power; and we teach you which this night is, by declaring to you that it is worth more than a thousand whole months; for it is on that time that the angels take to descend upon earth; and it is among them that the spirit of God descends there by His will.'

This celebrated night comes at different periods during the year; and thus being uncertain, the great Prophet bids his followers:

'Since you do not know the time of this favorable night, let your actions be such that each night shall be like that one.'

This was the injunction of the ill-judged Prophet of Arabia, who, though not the best, seems truly to be the *last* of the prophets. Beside the preceding causes of the sanctity of this night, tradition says that

the whole animal creation, except man, at midnight fall down in worship of their CREATOR; yet I am not aware that any person has positively witnessed the ceremony. Individual cases of certain animals (cows and camels) going down on their knees about this hour are said to be known, and no doubt this will be considered sufficient evidence to sustain the Prophet's assertion.

We had an opportunity of witnessing, not the ceremony aforesaid, but the commemorations which annually take place in Constantinople during the night in question. One part of it, however, we could not witness, viz.: where the Sultan takes a new wife, a fresh 'object of his devotions,' who, *on dit*, is a present to H. I. M. from the Grand Vezir. This famed maiden is, of course, like all the *wives* of the Sultan, (who never marries,) a slave from the snowy mountains of the Caucasus, whence she came to meet with the fate of fabled Prometheus among the human vultures of Stamboul.

The Sultan dines that day at a palace far up the Golden Horn, and returns in his golden barge to the mouth of the Bosphorus, on his way to his home. This is generally the case, and the commander-in-chief of the latter stream avails himself of the opportunity to fête His Majesty as he passes by the military park of Topkhaneh. On the present occasion, however, he came down expressly to witness the fête given to him, and to offer up his prayers in the fine mosque situated at that place.

The whole surface of the harbor, and the entrance into the Bosphorus, was covered with lanterns and torches. Here and there lights of diverse colors were lit; some blue, some red, and others white. All the public vessels at anchor were illuminated with small lanterns, forming a sight at once brilliant and novel. The surface of the water was covered with myriads of small caiques, and other boats, filled with spectators of either sex, and of all nationalities; Turkish women crouching down, with their faces half exposed, among a motley collection of children of all ages; Armenian, Greek, and even the poor and humble Jewess, paid her long-boarded piafter to secure a seat in the *Maour*, or the great Bazaar Caique, and witness the fire-works on the water.

So soon as the Sultan entered his barge, one of the prettiest things in Stamboul, all the vessels in the stream, and all the fortresses, fired a salute, which seemed to be a *feu de joie*. As he approached Topkhaneh, the caiques lit their torches and colored lights; and by the time he had put foot on the wharf, myriads of rockets had extinguished the light of the moon and the stars, and darkened the higher firmament of heaven with their blaze. Whirligigs, topsy-turves, round-about, upside-downs, head-over-heels, and all manner and methods of illuminations, struck out at once, in one splendid, glorious galaxy of diamond brilliancy, until there was soon room for imagining that the Great Day had come. Amid the beautiful scene, and as the refulgent light began to subside, there stood, as in letters of purity and clearness, between the lofty minarets of the Topkhaneh, the following words of compliment:

سلطان بی‌شمار
..

'My sovereign, may you live a thousand years!'

THE PEASANT'S SONG OF AUTUMN.

BY JAMES LINN.

The winds sweep by with a mournful tone,
Telling that Summer is past and gone ;
The leaves are sere, and genial showers
No vigor give to the fading flowers.

There's a withered look in Nature's face,
And her steps have lost their vernal grace ;
But what though she seems so pale and wan,
She's rich with stores for the wants of man.

Though heaving woods toss their russet plumes,
And the fragrant dells are strewn with blooms,
To the peasant bounteous Autumn yields
The treasures of all her golden fields.

Though no more the groves and forests ring
With the notes of rapture wild birds sing,
Afar on the moorland breeze are borne
The stirring sounds of the hunter's horn.

By the crystal brook and mountain lake,
In the ferny dell and marshy brake,
Away, where the lapwing lonely flies,
The keen fowler seeks his feathered prize.

The peasant is up at break of day,
And off to his harvest fields away ;
With a joyous heart unknown to care,
He whistles some love-inspiring air.

And see yonder band so blithe and free,
How they reap and sing in rustic glee ;
In the sun-beams flash the whetted blades,
Swept by hardy hinds and buxom maids.

And behold the gleaner young and fair,
With her rosy cheeks and yellow hair ;
Content with her poor but happy lot,
She bears her sheaf to her mother's cot.

Away from the noise of city strife,
Give me rural scenes and rural life ;
Let me trip o'er hills and valleys green,
Where slaves of fashion are never seen.

Oh! let me live where no cares annoy,
To taste the sweets of unmingled joy;
And abroad with Nature let me roam,
Till called away to a better home.

When life's Autumn comes, as come it will,
And my beating heart is cold and still,
Where pale Sorrow ne'er may vigils keep,
In some lone spot let me quietly sleep.

A GLIMPSE AT THE CHARCOAL-BURNERS.

BY MARTHA RUSSELL.

'THERE is no God,' the foolish saith,
But none, 'There is no sorrow;'
And Nature oft the cry of Faith
In bitter need will borrow:
Eyes which the preacher could not school
By way-side graves are raised;
And lips say 'God be pitiful,'
Who ne'er said 'God be praised!'

THERE is no wilder or more rugged tract of land in our rock-bound State than that portion of Middlesex county which borders upon the Connecticut river. Here, amid ledges of granite, or around the base of the forest-crowned hills, the Indians held their great powows; and here occurred those wonderful shakings and tremblings of the earth that filled the old Puritans with dismay, and still continue to attract the attention of the curious and learned, even at this day. In fact, this is the only well authenticated region of supernaturalism in Connecticut; but, whether the 'Moodus noises' are the result of natural causes, or the terrible manifestations of the anger of the red man's god at the introduction of Christianity, as they always asserted, it is not my present intention to discuss.

Large portions of this region are still thickly wooded, and quantities of timber are sent down the river to be used in the construction of the noble ships for which the river-towns are so famous. The refuse wood is burned into charcoal, which finds a ready market in the neighboring towns and cities.

Many hands are engaged in this latter business, and a rude, rough, hardy set of men they are, dwelling deep in the forests, knowing little and caring still less about the wants and usages of conventional life; bound together by a community of interests, having laws and regulations of their own, which are troubled by no legal technicalities, though marked by a rude sense of justice, and enforced with a promptitude which might put many of our learned advocates to the blush. Sometimes they spend weeks and weeks alone in the woods, with their pits, sheltering themselves from the storms and night air in the little,

miserable burrows made of sticks and turf, which they dignify with the name of 'houses,' but which look more like the den of some mammoth rabbit than any thing else, seeing no one but the solitary hunter, or the wife or child who comes, at regular intervals, with a supply of food.

But oftener a contract is made with some landholder to 'clear up a certain tract and coal the wood ready for market;' and the contractor, taking his wife and children with him, enters upon possession, and, rearing his rude shanty near the centre of operations, sets up his household gods for six months or a year, as the case may demand.

Over the next range of hills, or across the next running stream, brother craftsmen may have raised their shanties; and though invisible to the eye, their dwelling-places may be easily discovered by the columns of blue smoke rising above the tops of the green trees; and these 'dwellers beyond the pale' frequently make up for their long solitary watchings by nights of wild merry-making, which would lead one to believe that Bacchus himself kept state in this 'land of steady habits.'

Some summers since, it was my fortune to spend several weeks in this vicinity, and, in the course of my walks and rides, I became somewhat acquainted with several of these denizens of the woods. They presented a new and curious phase of life to me, and I loved to listen to the quaint, but always respectful, and often picturesque language of the men as they spoke of their craft; or to enter their dwellings, and draw out the strong motherly pride and fondness of the women, by my notice of the children that, in garments, or rather lack of garments, more befitting paradisiacal ages than our own, rolled about the floor, or built miniature coal-pits upon the rocks without.

But the king of all these woodmen was Ben Jones, or 'Big Ben,' as he was usually called, not only in virtue of that venerable maxim coeval with man, that 'might makes right,' for he was a giant in physical proportions and strength, but also through a rude kind of honesty which made itself felt among his fellows, and a large share of shrewd worldly wisdom.

He had taken a contract of Mr. Gardener, mine host, and there was scarcely an hour in the day, rain or shine, in which the measured strokes of his axe, or his boy's, might not be heard ringing in the distant hollow; and as to his pits, their fire, like that on the altar of the guebres, never went out. To see him feeding one of these huge, muttering, groaning monsters, flinging arm-full after arm-full of wood down into its gaping mouth, or, with bared arms and head and flying hair, fighting the fire when it burst through the crisp turf-covering, or seated on a log, sharpening his axe, and talking of trees, and birds, and beasts, for he had studied their varieties with the eye of a born naturalist, one would think he had scarcely set foot beyond the limits of the forest in all his days. Yet it was evident from many of his phrases that Big Ben had some time followed the seas; and I suspect he rather enjoyed the hints and whispers that went from one gossip to the other, intimating that he had been a smuggler, if not a pirate, in his day, and could tell strange things if he chose. Some did not hesitate to say, with many shrewd nods and winks, that he knew where there was a plenty of gold, and might hold up his head with the richest, if he only *dared* to get it.

However this might be, he was evidently troubled with no great surplus of means when I knew him ; for, notwithstanding his hard labor, and his wife Peggy's sharpness at a bargain, they were quite poor. Perhaps this was partly owing to Peggy's mistaken views of domestic economy, which led her to tramp miles after a shilling's worth of berries, instead of staying in the house to look after the dollar which her husband had brought in.

She was a tall, bony woman, 'lean as a rake,' with a mass of black hair, which was turned to a reddish brown upon the top of her head, from exposure to the sun, for the good woman accounted bonnets as superfluities, to be used only on state occasions ; a complexion naturally dark, but rendered still more so from the same cause, and eyes well befitting a gipsy queen, black as night, and flashing, when a little excited, like sheet-lightning.

Peggy Jones was a born diplomatist. I never knew her come up to 'the house,' as it was her custom to term Mr. G.'s residence, without, in the end, the contents of her basket being transferred to the shelves of the store-room, to make room for double their value in provisions or money ; and what was a still greater proof of her skill, invariably leaving mine hostess under the impression that she had conferred a great favor on her by coming up there at that hour, although that excellent woman had met her with the assurance that she had no need of her commodities.

I always made it a point to be present on these occasions, and was much amused at the hawk-like pertinacity with which she pursued her object, now flying off to speak of some domestic affairs, or to retail some bit of news, for, notwithstanding her secluded residence, Peggy was a sort of walking chronicle of village gossip ; then returning to the business in hand, mingling praises of her wares with the most adroit but apparently ingenious compliments to the mother and the children, circling nearer and nearer her object, until, with one decided swoop, she attained her end and departed in triumph.

We hear much of people who are born in advance of their age, but Peggy Jones's advent was evidently a century or so too late ; for, with that mass of black hair drawn back under a cap *à la Valentois*, that tall form robed in velvet, and those bare legs, every inch of which visible between her short skirts and her shoes (usually a pair of her husband's) was tattooed in a sort of arabesque pattern by briers, cased in silken hose from the looms of Lyons, she would have been a match for any of the beautiful *intrigantes* of the court of Louis XIV.

The family of this worthy couple consisted of three children : a son, on whom they had bestowed the name of Andrew Jackson in compliment to the President, and two little girls, who had been added as afterthoughts to the family when Andrew, or Andrer, as they pronounced it, had grown to be a good, stout boy. Andrew did not wilt down under the burthen of a great name, as is the case with most children thus endowed, probably because he knew and cared as little about his namesake as that illustrious chieftain did about him, but, at nineteen, was a perfect *athlete*, every limb and muscle being fairly developed by exercise in the open air ; handsome, merry, good-humored, the leader in all mischief,

yet a favorite with young and old, best dancer, best singer, best wrestler and quoit-player, and best marksman in the whole district.

Moreover, it so happened that Andrew and pretty Sally Benedict, the youngest daughter of old Joe Benedict, of Ledge District, had chosen to fall in love with each other, very undutifully it seemed, for no one knew better than they that hatred was the only feeling recognized between the families ever since their fathers had quarrelled so bitterly about the respective merits of two political candidates one town-meeting day, some years before. As usual in such cases, the majority of the neighbors were disposed to sympathize with the young people, especially after it became known that Peggy Jones had 'put down her foot that no one of that *breed* should cross her threshold or call her mother,' for they knew that she seldom failed to carry her point. The Benedicts were not a whit behind her in resenting the threatened alliance, and as there was no need of birds of the air to carry what was said from one family to the other, their anger strengthened with the days.

In all this war of words Big Ben said nothing. In fact, the giant coal-burner was not at all demonstrative in his family relations, and, to a casual observer, seemingly a hard, unfeeling man, his children always being designated by some such generic term as 'young scamps, rascals, or sinners.' This was my impression when he cut me short one day in my expressions of sympathy for one of his little girls, who had fallen from a tree and broken her arm, by saying, 'T was good enough for her; 't would learn her to keep down;' but a few moments after, when I accidentally caught a glimpse of him through the half-open door, leaning over the bed where the moaning child lay, and with his great, hard, clumsy fingers arranging the dress of a rag-baby which she had vainly tried to do with her well hand, and saw the expression of his hard features as he parted her hair and looked down upon her face, I felt that I had mistaken the man.

Such was the state of things when God saw fit to quench this fire of human anger in bitter tears.

We jostle against death too often in the crowded streets of a city to feel very keenly the deep significance of his presence. The hearse, with its heavy trappings, is a part of the daily shows of life: the little child perchance pauses a moment, and plucking the nurse by the gown, asks, 'What is that?' as the gloomy pageant passes; the organ-grinder breaks off in the middle of a tune, and watches it a moment, thinking perhaps of the dear wife or child whom he left sleeping beneath the flower-studded sod of Italy; the old apple-vender at the corner peers at it above her glasses, thinking it a goodly show, until suddenly the memory of her own boy, who has slept years at the bottom of the ocean, with only his hammock for his winding-sheet, comes over her, and a tear falls on the wrinkled hand that is put forth mechanically to arrange her goods; the miserable beggar-woman stops, and instinctively hugging her squalid baby closer to her heart, shudders at the thought that it may not live to grow up and follow such a life as hers; gaily-dressed ladies turn their heads and look back as if called by dimly-remembered voices; merchants and dapper clerks come to the doors, and, shielding their eyes from the sun, wonder 'who it is, and what property will change hands;'

and then life goes on as before. Yet, every shout of childhood, every merry quip of youth, every whispered word of love, every oath, and every prayer that goes vibrating up to God's throne, is accompanied by the solemn dirge of 'dust to dust, ashes to ashes,' with which Death gathers in his harvest for eternity.

'LIFE treads on life, and heart on heart;
We press too close in church and mart,
To keep a dream or grave apart.'

But in the sparsely-populated districts of the country, where every face is as well known to you as those of your own household, and the taking away of one leaves a gap which it takes years to fill, the shadow of the mighty Conqueror is felt even in the most remote hill-side cottages; and the announcement of the sudden death of young Andrew Jones went through the whole community like an electric shock. He had been killed by lightning, struck down dead almost at his father's feet, as they were hurrying home to seek shelter from a violent summer storm. The father had been stunned by the shock, but as soon as he recovered he took his boy in his arms and bore him to the shanty. 'He has not opened his mouth since,' said our informant; 'and as to Peggy, poor woman, she takes on like one possessed!'

Mr. Gardener was absent, but his wife and I were soon on our way to the scene of sorrow. A number of the neighbors, men, women, and children, had already collected there when we arrived, and, as is usual on such occasions, all was bustle and confusion. In the large room, which served for kitchen, parlor, and sleeping-room for the parents, were a dozen or more women and girls, all anxious to do something for their neighbors, but, not knowing very clearly *what*, were running hither and thither, and accomplished little save getting in each other's way.

The room was at all times dark, for Peggy Jones had too much reverence for labor, even that of spiders, to disturb the filmy webs which festooned her narrow windows; but now it was still more so than usual, for, as the westering sun-beams fell full through the window, and directly on the bed where the poor woman lay crouched down in her agony, some thoughtful soul with a touch of womanly delicacy had pinned a towel across it to exclude the unwelcome glare. Near the foot of the bed, with both the little girls brooded in her capacious lap, sat the good Widow Mercer, the village nurse. It was some time before I perceived, through the dim twilight and constantly moving figures, the giant woodman, seated on a sea-chest in the most obscure corner of the room. He sat immovable as a stone, with his head bowed upon his breast, apparently heedless of all around him. Finding Peggy's wild paroxysms of grief beyond the reach of reason or consolation, Mrs. Gardener turned to Ben and spoke a few words of sympathy. The look which he finally turned upon her was so vacant, so stolid in expression, that my first thought was that the sudden shock had been too much for his brain; but as she mentioned his son's name, it changed to one of such fearful, terrible agony, that I turned away in fear.

In his own small room, stretched upon the bed from which he had arisen that morning full of life and hope, lay the body of young Andrew.

Hard but friendly hands had parted the thick hair on his brow, and straightened his young limbs for the grave.

As neither Ben nor Peggy was capable of giving directions, Mrs. Gardener, after consulting one or two of the elderly men, promised that her husband should see to the whole arrangement of the funeral, and we were about to leave, when Peggy Jones, mastering her sobs for a moment, murmured something about 'mourning.' Of all the customs which have grown out of the wants and yearnings, the joys and sorrows of the human heart, there is none to which the lower classes cling with such tenacity as this, of putting on mourning for the dead. As Peggy's taste had ever eschewed grave colors, she had not, as she sobbingly remarked, 'a black thing in the world;' therefore it was finally decided that Mrs. Gardener should return home and send down such apparel of her own and her children's as could be altered with the least trouble for Peggy and the little ones, while the widow and myself, as the best needle-women, were to stay at the shanty, to perform the double duty of making the necessary alterations, and keeping watch over the corpse, as was the custom in that region. Two young men volunteered to stay by Ben's coal-pit, whose thick smoke, as the night drew on, settled heavily over the dell, as if to add its weight to the sorrow already brooding there.

We were soon seated in a little closet-like room, pressed in between the chimney and the outer wall, with doors opening into the kitchen and the room where the body of young Andrew lay, busy with our needles; and the little girls, in the novelty of fitting on dresses, shoes, stockings, etc., almost forgot their grief, save when they happened to catch a glimpse, through the open door, of the immovable figure stretched out beneath the white drapery in the next room. For some time after we had hushed them to sleep, the mother's hysterical sobs were the only sound that broke the deep silence. Once I tried to comfort her, but Widow Mercer, well versed in simple, homely wisdom, shook her head as she whispered, 'It's no use, dear. When the ice, which has been hardening all winter in the river, breaks up, floods always follow. Peggy has aye held a bold front, but she is human after all, and the tears must come.'

At last it became necessary that I should speak to her with regard to our work, but I drew back when I saw that she had taken from the smoky shelf a sadly dilapidated-looking book, and, by the light of a flaring candle, which stood upon a little stand near the bed, was tracing with her swollen eyes some part of its contents.

After a few moments, I heard her say:

'Oh, Ben, Ben, my man, if ye would but listen to a word from this 'ere holy book, mayhap ye would n't take it so hard! Would that we had minded it better,' she added in a lower tone.

The man neither stirred nor spoke, and she went on. 'Mother found comfort in it. In all her troubles and trials—and she had enough of 'em, God knows—she used to go to it, and there *must be* a word in it some where for us. I wish I had been a better darter to her, Ben,' she added after a pause.

Touched perhaps by some recollection of their youthful days, the man looked up, and said in a softened tone:

'Read, Peggy, woman; it may do you good.'

Was it chance or the dim remembrance of lessons read beneath a mother's eye, that led that poor woman to turn to the beautiful story of the raising of the widow of Nain's son by our LORD?

Tracing the lines with her hard finger, she read the words slowly, sometimes pausing to spell them to herself before she pronounced them, but still intelligibly enough, and with a pathos in her tones which told how deeply each word touched her heart. As she read how at CHRIST's words the dead 'sat up and was delivered to his mother,' Big Ben suddenly reached forward and closed the book, crying in a tone of indescribable agony, as he buried his face in his hands:

'Oh, woman! woman! there is no hope for us! no one to bid our boy sit up. He must be shut up in the grave! Neither God nor man cares for us!'

'Have we minded whether HE did or no, Ben?' said the woman, in a low, sad tone. 'Have we ever thought of HIM for years and years, or spoken His name except in cursing? The book says—I saw it here a minute ago'—she went on again turning over the leaves—'He that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out;' and, sliding down upon her knees, the miserable mother strove to repeat the half-forgotten prayer of her childhood: 'OUR FATHER.'

Scarcely had the broken murmurs of her voice ceased, when there was heard a sound of low voices mingled with loud sobs at the door, and the next moment the latch was lifted, and one of the young men who had staid to watch the pit put in his head, saying, in a hesitating kind of tone:

'It's Polly Benedict that's come. She's crazy to see *him*, and 'cause her folks shut her up, she's run away, and come afoot and alone, poor thing!'

'Keep her out! She sha'n't set her foot within my door!' began Peggy Jones, all her ancient ire flaming up at the sound of that name. 'She would n't wipe her feet on him living, and she sha'n't see him dead!' But before she had ceased to speak, the poor girl had slipped past the man, and stood before her with streaming eyes and clasped hands, while Big Ben, who had risen to his feet, strode forward and laid his huge hand heavily on his wife's arm, as he said hoarsely:

'Woman, woman, is this a time to harbor old grudges, an' he lyin' there? Let the girl look on him, and every one else that had a likin' for him; and, thank God! they were not few.'

Peggy yielded to his touch like a little child, and, sinking down on a seat, covered her head with her apron, murmuring, 'God forgive me! Oh, Andrew, my boy, my boy!' while the good widow stepped forward and led the poor girl into the room where the lifeless form of her young lover lay.

I will not attempt to describe the wild grief of that strong but wholly undisciplined nature. Their love had fed upon the obstacles which the family feud had placed between them; and now, in the suddenness of her bereavement, conscious that she had incurred the displeasure of both families, the poor young thing bent over the body of him to whom she had alone looked for protection, and in the wildness of her grief regarded

neither God nor man, nor any power save Death, whom she wildly called upon to take her with him.

It was pitiful to see Big Ben, roused by her sobs and wild words, steal into the room and attempt to soothe her grief, trying to accommodate his deep, hoarse tones to words of tenderness and love; and dame Peggy, too, gradually forgetting her anger in pity, and smoothing back the hair and bathing the brow of the exhausted girl, as if she had, indeed, been her own daughter. It was almost morning before we could persuade the poor girl to lie down, and let us send word to her family where she might be found.

I did not attend the funeral; but the day after, accompanied by my friends, I made my last visit to the shanty, preparatory to leaving the place. As we rode through the forest, traces of the storm, which had so terribly wrecked the hopes of the giant woodman and his wife, were every where visible. The ground was strewn with broken branches, and in many places our way obstructed by tall trees which had been uprooted and cast across the path; for as yet none of the forest paths had been cleared, save that which led to the lonely hill-side grave-yard. Flocks of crows circled slowly over the places from whence their rough nests had been dislodged, filling the air with their discordant screams, and the squirrels and rabbits, whose burrows had been destroyed or laid bare by the storm, crossed our path like light, or peered at us from out their hiding-places with frightened eyes. At last we reined in our horses on a knoll that overlooked the green basin in which Big Ben had ensconced his shanty. The warm sun-light fell as lovingly over it as if there had never been death nor sorrow in the world, and in the calm, still atmosphere the blue smoke from the coal-pit went up like a pillar toward heaven.

There was nothing about the place to indicate the sad scene that had lately passed there, save the trampled turf about the door-way, and a wide board, the same on which the body had rested before it was consigned to the coffin, that had been left leaning against the side of the house.

Not far from the open door sat Big Ben, engaged in an attempt to stop the holes in a great, blackened, coal-basket with some stiff ash splinters. He was not very successful; for, as we approached him unperceived, he kicked it impatiently aside, as he muttered:

'Curse the thing! I might as well try to stop the bottom of the sea.' Then seeing us, he said, in a kind of apologetic tone, as he returned Mr. Gardener's greeting:

'I was a tryin' to tinker up the old thing, so as 't would do for a turn or two, but it's no use. I cannot make the splinters work; my fingers are too stiff, and he who used to do such chores—his are stiff enough now;' and the rough features were turned away immediately, but not until we had noted their convulsive working, which was even more pitiful to see than tears.

'I think you had better fling the old basket aside, Ben,' said Mr. Gardener, kindly; 'it has had its day. Indian Bill has promised to make me half a dozen, and you shall have your choice of them.'

'Thank 'ee, thank 'ee, Sir, for this and all your kindness. I'm but a

poor man, but I know what kindness is, and I don't forget it. But it is little matter what comes of us now, Sir. When the heart is dead the tree is done for, you know.'

Leaving him with Mr. G., my friend and I bent our steps to the house, to bid farewell to Peggy. With some faint recollection, perhaps, of her duties as a mother and housekeeper, she had donned a battered-looking thimble, and with a needle large enough for a sail-maker and very rusty withal, sat drawing up the holes in one of the children's dresses, while they, with their hair still braided and tied with the black ribbons as they had worn it at the funeral, sat near the open door, playing with the rag-babies which kind widow Mercer had made for them.

A rusty, black Barcelona handkerchief, which probably had been sported by Ben in his sea-faring days, crossed loosely over her bosom, was Peggy's only badge of mourning, and in somewhat marked contrast to what had once been a very gay chintz gown; but no one could have looked upon her face or listened to her words without feeling that the heart beneath it beat with as true and deep a sorrow as any shrouded beneath the folds of the most orthodox bombazine.

Widow Mercer was right; her tears had washed away much of her pride and prejudice, and she spoke of Sally Benedict with much kindness, saying it was 'so lonesome-like then of the long evenings, and 't would be a comfort to have the poor girl come in sometimes and talk about *him*. 'T would kinder ease their hearts, and God knew they were heavy enough.'

Mrs. Gardener led her by degrees to speak of her youth, and finding she had been well instructed, dropped many a wise word which may yet bear fruit for all time. As we arose to leave, Peggy pointed to a basket of berries on the dresser, saying, with a touch of her old tone:

'Mayhap you may want some, Ma'am. I thought a mouthful of fresh air would give a lift to a heavy heart, so the children and I went out a spell this mornin'. Poor folks must be doin' something if grief be at the door. We can't sit down and fold our arms like those that's had better luck in the world.'

Mrs. G. readily promised to take the berries, saying one of the farm hands was coming that way toward night, and she would ask him to stop and bring them up to the house; but Peggy interrupted her, saying:

'No, no; no need o' that. I will jest run up myself. It's a whole week sin' I've been up the street, and it kinder seems as if a sight of the faces along the road would do me good. As to the price, Ma'am, you shall have your own way about it. It's little heart I have for bargainin' now.'

The next day I left the place; and as we drove past the lonely graveyard on our way to the stage-house, the beams of the morning sun fell full and fair on the fresh mound near the gate-way that covered the remains of young Andrew. As we came opposite, even while my companion was pointing it out to me, a meadow-lark rose from the tall grass by the grave, and went circling up to heaven, pouring out its jubilant notes of thanksgiving. 'Even so,' I mused, 'from that fresh grave may spring the heaven-plumed birds of Faith and Hope to bear those poor, sorrowing, ignorant parents up to a heaven of eternal rest.'

L I F E .

BY SIGMA.

I.

THE child, beside its mother's knee,
Knows little of the open sea :
In a secluded vale he dwells,
Where golden sands and smooth-lipped shells
Amuse his life ;
Unconscious that the whirlwinds sweep
The surface of the outer deep
With never-ending strife.

II.

He sees, perchance,
Some bark upon the shore,
Which sailed of late
The waters o'er.
The broken spars, the rifted deck,
The silence of the wave-washed wreck,
Impress his heart ;
But, in the sunshine on the sea,
And summer breezes blowing free,
Such thoughts depart.

III.

The sturdy oak is growing near ;
The ash within the forest stands ;
And yet he builds an osier bark,
Secured with silken bands.
The pennants gay
Stream from the mast,
As on the outward tide he floats,
Receding fast.

IV.

O mother ! who hath known
The terrors of the sea,
In all the watches of the night
How thinks thy son of thee,
Who, smiling, stood upon the strand,
And sent him, helpless, from the land !

V.

What wonder, when a time
Of looking out is past,
Some sad memorial of his fate
Upon the shore is cast !
And that he,
Gone down at sea,
Is lost to earth and all its memory !

V O I C E S .

BY WM. W. MORLAND.

— 'LIKE the echo of a grand, commanding sound — more bewitching, but less imperative: as we go forward, the echo fails, falters, ceases, at last, in the presence of its originating sound; so seem to us the pleasant imaginings of Youth compared with the strong appeals of Manhood.'

O VOICES of the wind-rocked trees!
 While August days are shorter growing,
 I bless the soft, caressing breeze,
 And sunny hours, so swiftly going!
 I listen to your varying tone,
 On mossy hillock careless lying:
 At times, so melancholy grown,
 Its cadence is a mournful sighing;
 At times a loud and swelling reach,
 Like billows booming up a beach!
 Through vistas green the day-star's eye
 Looks in, my cool retreat to spy;
 And flickering, playful, to and fro,
 The lights and shadows come and go!
 Far off is spread a noble view:
 Old Ocean's breast of stainless blue,
 And headland bare, with foam-dashed base,
 And isles that dot the wide sea-space!
 And still, tall trees! your voices near
 Fill with true music heart and ear!
 So like the deep and solemn roar
 Of tumbling surf upon the shore,
 Is your more sad and softer wail,
 Waked by the fitful summer gale,
 It seems an echo to the pride
 And power of the advancing tide!

O voices of the wind-rocked trees,
 How like my changeful life your song!
 How oft some weird and plaining breeze
 Hath breathed its thicket-shades along,
 While straying gleams of sun-light fell
 Even into Sorrow's deepest dell!
 O voice of Ocean! proud and grand,
 How like the earnest voice of Life!
 Alone, toward the weed-strewn sand,
 I haste to hail the billowy strife;
 But through its wild, tumultuous roar,
 That echo sweet is heard no more.
 Alas! the notes I loved so well,
 Reclined in yonder shaded dell!
 That echo sweet! in early days,
 Gay strollers flowered paths along,
 Half lost sometimes amid the maze
 Of glittering shapes that round us throng,
 Who has not caught its soothing tone,
 With years more rare and fainter grown,

Till merged its lessening murmers be
 In thy hoarse thunders, mighty Sea!
 O Sea of Life, the lost restore!
 Keep'st thou our treasures evermore?

O voices of the wind-rocked trees!
 Like Memory's holy, haunting chime,
 I bless the soft, caressing breeze
 That minds me of the dear old time!
 O voice of Ocean! drowning these,
 Like a loud trump of tone sublime,
 I welcome thy more stern decrees!
 Whatever fate the helm may guide,
 The mariner will trust the tide;
 Will trust His power who well can keep
 The weakest wanderer o'er the deep!

Rye-Beach, August, 1851.

A TRIP TO THE VIRGINIA SPRINGS.

BY VIATOR.

XVIII.

SUNDAY AT THE SALT.

THERE is a little chapel at 'the Salt,' built some years since by contribution of the visitors, and it is generally pretty well filled, as it is the fashion to go, and there are almost always one or more clerical sojourners at the Springs who are willing to officiate. Some clergymen, however, have queer notions about work and duty. One I heard of, at another watering-place, who, being invited to preach, said that he came there for recreation, not for work! Preparation for the pulpit may be called work; but the idea of a man who had been twenty years engaged in preaching thinking it a hardship to read over a church service and an old discourse, or to make a few remarks in a room twenty feet square!

We went, as Miss Cushing was careful to distinguish, 'to church' in the morning, and 'to meeting' in the afternoon; in other words, we had an Episcopalian in the forenoon, and a Presbyterian in the afternoon. The first *delivered a discourse*, the second *preached a sermon*, (from *sermo*, a speech, which indicates something to be spoken, either extempore or from written notes. See WEBSTER.) The discourse was well written and short. The sermon was constructed according to Blair, with introduction, divisions, and conclusions, but was rather too long, and Mr. Riverman fell asleep toward the last, but declared that he remembered more of it than of the discourse, because there were some 'points' upon which one could fix attention. Thereupon a by-stander told of an old minister who once preached in that region from the text, 'Where art thou?'

After an introductory to the effect that this question, which was put to Adam in the garden, has been ever since constantly propounded to the sons of Adam, he proceeded to expound the following points :

- 1st. All men are some where.
- 2d. Many men are where they ought not to be.
- 3d. Those who are where they ought not to be may readily escape from that position.
- 4th. If they do not escape, they'll soon be where they never wanted to be.

Hence he viewed the necessity of constantly propounding to ourselves, in a spirit of self-examination, the question, 'Where art thou?'

What more delightful period is there than the twilight of a Sunday, when quiet reflection or domestic enjoyment takes the place of the bustle and tumult of the week-day? In the city this is more perceptible than in the country, where there is at all times more of stillness. But at these Springs a very marked change is perceptible. Most of those who have been to church take a stroll in one direction or another. Some content themselves with a promenade up and down the spring grounds, stopping awhile at the fountain to take the prescribed number of tumblers; some go farther down the valley, some up the hill-path; while many, including those who have little ones, take the road to the old Sweet Sulphur spring, stopping by the way to look down into the cow-yard, by the side of the creek, where the cows are gathered for the evening milking. And a lively scene it is. A large proportion of the negroes, old and young, are here gathered in their best attire, for Sunday is a kind of holiday to many of them. There is some flirting and courting going on, for visitors are among them from the neighboring farms, and a capital time it is to whisper soft nothings when he is whisking the flies off the cow which she is milking, with her clean calico skirt so nicely pinned up, so as to keep off all soil, and reveal the white under-dress. There are all sorts of noises too, lowing of the cows, and loud talk of men and boys. This old aunty near us finds it hard work to get through that Methodist tune and keep time with the movement of her hands, for there's nobody here to keep off the flies, and Muley fetches a kick now and then just at the wrong moment.

'Oh, dere will be glory, glo-ry, glory, glo-o-ry! e-ah —

'Keep still, old cow! how you 'pose any body gwyne to milk ye?

'Parents and children dere shall me —

'Uncle Bill! wish you'd send one o' dem 'are boys here to keep dis cow still.

'— shall me-e-t to pa-art no mo'?

One is reminded of the New-England choir who managed to make a well-known hymn sound as follows :

'WITH rev-rence let the sa-a-aints appear,
And bow-wow-wow before the LORD.'

But we'll go on to the old Sweet Sulphur. It bubbles up all alone, as clear and beautiful as either of the others, but looks forsaken and melancholy mid the ruins of the old hotel.

Returning to the house, we meet Sydney and Miss Dalton sauntering down the hill, and hear one of the milk-maids, who is crossing to the dairy, tell another, 'They's a nice match; 'deed they is. She's a born lady, and the liddlest fust and hands that ever you seed!' There are certain other couples, too, who are very much absorbed in each other, walking up and down the path, all old acquaintances. Williams is with Mrs. Cushing, and Larch with the daughter. There's Mrs. Easy on the arm of that gay old widower. That accounts for Easy's having asked so particularly who the widower was. She's improving. But the tea-bell rings.

XIX.

THE RED SULPHUR.

ONE pleasant afternoon, just after a refreshing shower, a friend proposed that we should jump into the Red Sulphur stage, which was standing empty at the door, and visit that noted resort of pulmonaries, distant seventeen miles. The route is through a somewhat desolate country, on a very bad road. The only person we saw, away from the stopping-places, was a drunken farmer, who, in trying to cross the road, pitched head foremost into a pool of water made by the rain, and having with difficulty raised himself to his feet, staggered along a few paces, wiped the mud off from his face with one hand, shook his fist at us with the other, and wanted to know what the h — l we were laughing at. 'Did you never see a man fall before?'

Arrived about dusk, and were greatly charmed with the appearance of the place. It is in a valley much smaller than that of the Salt Sulphur, though not unlike it in other respects, with a beautiful clear stream flowing through. The cabins are more comfortable than any we have seen, and the buildings, with their piazzas and Ionic columns, are all arranged with a view to comfort and effect; although one of them, perched high on the hill, is never occupied. Indeed, the former proprietor ruined himself in his expenditures here.

The first object of attraction was of course the spring, the pavilion over which, consisting of a dome some forty feet in diameter, supported by twelve Ionic columns, is a remarkably graceful and imposing structure. The water rises in two marble basins, is perfectly colorless and transparent, has scarcely any perceptible odor, and is extremely pleasant to the taste. Sometimes a reddish deposit is found at the bottom and sides of the spring, from which the water derives its name. What this is has puzzled the chemists to ascertain. Most of them regard it as a new and peculiar substance, a sort of compound of sulphur and organic matter. To it is ascribed the wonderful effects of the water in reducing the pulse and in relieving or entirely curing cases of pulmonary consumption. One can hardly credit the many remarkable cases that are related, especially when you learn that some of those who gave the testimonials died soon after of the very disease for which they thought they had found the

specific. It is said to be sedative in its effects; somewhat like opium, but without the unpleasant consequences of taking that weed. But I will not discourse more upon a topic to which Dr. Burke devotes so many pages of his book. Certainly the water is worth trying; it can do no harm; and the cheerful expression of confidence and hope which was depicted in the countenance of many an invalid with hectic cheek and hacking cough, led us to believe that it might perhaps in some cases do some good.

There was a dance that night; but the early hour of breaking up reminded one too plainly that most of those who participated were either invalids or the companions of sick relatives.

We found a real live Yankee here, in one of the keepers of the hotel. He was full of talk about plans of improvements, plank-roads, etc., which might be carried out to the great advantage of the place, if money was n't so 'plaguy scarce' among the farmers up there. He tempted us with a promise of some trout the next morning; but on tasting the shapeless fried mess which was placed on the table, we found a very good fish, but no more like brook-trout than lobster is like sturgeon. He said that it was what people called trout in Virginia, where the streams were not cold enough for speckled trout.

After breakfast we strolled by a well-defined road leading out at one end of the spring grounds to the top of a high hill, where there was a solitary log cabin, tenanted, as we found, by the wife and half dozen white-headed children of the stage-driver with whom we came from the Salt. There was something in the delicate, though sun-burnt, countenance and silvery tone of voice of the blue-eyed, once handsome woman who came out and told the urchins to 'speak to the gentlemen,' which interested us in a high degree. She told how hard her old man had to work the previous winter and spring, so as to get things sort of tidy, and crops in the ground before his driving season commenced; and this she said not in a complaining mood, but as of one only too thankful that sickness had not visited them in their humble house, and confident that prospects would be better by and by; so we emptied our pockets of all the loose change for the young ones, and went on our way moralizing on the varied conditions of human life, and concluding that this poor stage-driver had a jewel in his wife which many a husband at the gay watering-places might envy him for.

We were told that by taking a certain road to the right, after getting over the hill, we might return to the springs by another route; so we wandered on, picking up toadstools that looked like strawberries, and wild flowers, until we had traversed several miles of road, were heated and tired, and then had the satisfaction of being told that we had turned at the wrong place, and must retrace our steps. This was pleasant! A life in the woods is not what it is cracked up to be, when you have no gun, or provisions, or pretty girls to beguile the way.

Right good did the venison taste after our walk; then we experienced the soporific effect of the waters, and, the nap over, read from Dr. Burke's book a playful account of the death of a pet bear at the Red Sulphur, as described by the late Francis S. Key, author of the Star-spangled Banner. It was published originally in the Southern Literary

Messenger. Without repeating the whole, I will give two or three passages :

'THERE was a Bear — alas ! that we must bear
The loss of such a bear ! He was the pet
And playmate of the children, men, and maids.
The ladies, too, wept briny tears for him,
Till all the springs were salt : for much he loved
To play his tricks before them, and to take
From their fair hands the dainties they would bring ;
And they would stroke his sable fur, and feel
His velvet paws ; and then he licked his paws ;
And paws so touched he could have licked, and lived
Long on such licking. But, alas ! he died.
Now a bare bear-skin and some bare bear-bones
Are all that's left of Bruin !'

Then follows a description of his death, which was caused by the attack of a dog who pursued him when he escaped.

On this occasion comes in the following :

'O BRUIN ! O Bruin ! come back to thy chain,
Nor seek thy far home o'er the mountains again ;
For the mother that bore thee will know thee no more,
And thy brother-cubs drive thee away from the door.

'Why wouldst thou return where thou nightly must howl
In thy hunger, as through the dark forest you prowl,
To fight the wild bees for their hoard of sweet food,
Or spoil thy teeth cracking the nuts of the wood ?

'What a life thou hast led since thou haply wast caught,
And here to this sweet little valley wast brought,
Its blest waters thy drink, its rich dainties thy fare :
What more could be asked for man, woman, or bear ?

'It is true you are tied ; but, Bruin, you know
It is all for your good that you are kept so.
How many are here who would gladly agree
To be tied to a tree, could they fatten like thee ?

'We have tamed you and fed you, and now you are here,
Your polite education engages our care ;
Your manners are mended, some clever things taught,
But greater attainments are still to be sought.

'CARUSI is here, and shall teach you to dance,
How to enter the ball-room, and bow and advance
To the ladies, who sit in a beautiful row,
Each waiting to see if the Bear 'll be her beau.

'Then the waltzing, O Bruin ! think only of that —
That a lady's bare arms with thy bear-arms enwrapt !
Thy bear-skin her bare skin shall touch. Oh ! what bear
Can bear any pleasure with that to compare ?

'Oh ! think of thy paws when the dancing is done,
When the summer is o'er, and the ladies are gone ;
Through the long winter nights, when the snow-flakes fall thick,
Thy lady-pressed paws will be luscious to lick.'

After a beautiful sunset, and another visit to the waters, we went 'early to bed, early to rise,' shook our Yankee host by the hand, and had a pleasant ride back with *that* driver, to whom we praised his wife, whereat he seemed much pleased ; and when we found that he drank no whiskey, and that his great anxiety seemed to be to give his children what he had n't got himself, 'good schoolin' ;' we were satisfied that he was a worthy husband for such a wife.

H U M B U G .

'HURRAH for HUMBUG!' is my toast—
He rules the world all over;
While hungry MERIT gnaws the post,
His subjects roll in clover.

Chameleon in the busy play,
All colors he can borrow;
For 'SCOTT and GRAHAM' shouts to-day,
For 'PIERCE and KING' to-morrow.

A few apt scholars I will name,
Who profit by his teaching,
And never play a losing game,
The green ones over-reaching.

First PHILO on the list appears,
While nightingales are singing;
But sweeter music in his ears
The clink of dollars ringing.

Those pretty birds, the goose and gull,
He robs of many a feather,
And round him calls the sheep to cull
The fattest fleecy wether.

Though treading on religious corns,
While gospel-men prohibit,
The DEVIL, with his hoof and horns,
For dimes he would exhibit.

Be taught this golden rule, my friends,
To better your condition;
Success triumphantly attends
The grossest imposition:

And well a titled dame doth know
The truth that I have stated,
Although her 'light fantastic toe'
Is greatly over-rated.

A lovely Countess that can tear
Strong marriage-bonds asunder,
Knock down an actor, smoke and swear,
Is truly a great wonder.

The Spirit of the Age would stop,
Should HUMBUG 'kick the bucket';
Each silly goose the common crop,
Without one knave to pluck it.

The secrets of the Spirit-Land
Would know no revelation,
Nor rail-road to the moon be planned
By our cute Yankee Nation.

No more on wearing breeches bent,
Despising pot and ladle,
Our women-preachers would be sent
Again to rock the cradle.

Dame S — M would throw down the pen,
Sew, sweep, and make the jelly;
And cease to badger bearded men,
Renowned Miss A — Y K — Y.

'Hurrah for HUMBUG!' is my toast—
He rules the world all over;
While patient MERIT gnaws the post,
His children roll in clover.

BAYRUE

L I T E R A R Y N O T I C E S .

THE SON OF THE WILDERNESS. A Dramatic Poem. In Five Acts. By FRIEDRICH HALM. Translated by CHARLES EDWARD ANTHON. New-York: Printed for the Translator by H. LUDWIG AND COMPANY.

FRIEDRICH HALM (*Anglice*, Stalk or Straw) is a man of straw: it is the literary *alias* of Baron MUNCH-BELLINGHAUSEN, a pretty enough name for tongues accustomed to the 'sweetness long drawn out' of German polysyllables, but not so melodious to the uninitiated English ear. Baron MUNCH-BELLINGHAUSEN is an Austrian nobleman, whose dramatic productions give him a high place among the living authors of Germany. The 'Son of the Wilderness' is considered his most successful effort. It was first brought out at Vienna, in January, 1842. Under the name of *Ingomar* it has been performed with applause on the English and the American stage, and is becoming a favorite. Mr. ANTHON'S translation should make it as great a favorite in the closet as it is on the stage. It is a remarkably felicitous rendering of German verse into English verse; good English poetry made out of good German poetry. To our thinking, it does entire justice to the beautiful story and to the beautiful poetry of the original. There are two theories, two schools of translation: there are, adopting the terms of another subject, nominalists and realists among translators: the men who render the word, and the men who give the idea. For it is a mistake to suppose that translating the words is always a translation of the meaning. What is called a literal rendering is sometimes absolutely unintelligible. On the other hand, a free translation, as the term is, is in danger of passing the limits and running into paraphrase and commentary, when it ceases to be translation. The union of the letter and the spirit, of the form and soul, of a foreign original, is a combination rare indeed, and most difficult to attain. The difficulty becomes ten-fold greater when the original to be translated is poetry, especially if idiomatic poetry; above all, if it is proposed to render poetry into poetry, and to preserve the metrical forms of the original.

The English has not been generally considered the easiest language to translate into: the first place in this respect has been conceded by scholars to the German, while the flexibility of the French is thought to give it also the superiority, although a great German philologist, learned in the *comparative anatomy* of language, has pronounced a most unqualified encomium of the copiousness, variety and power of our English tongue.

There are two or three works, (hardly more than two or three,) which have taken their place as the *classics* of English translation. COLERIDGE's translation of that glorious Trilogy of SCHILLER, or rather of two parts of it, the PICCOLOMINI and WALLENSTEIN'S DEATH, has been called a *transfusion* rather than a translation, so completely has the spirit of the original been poured out, as it were, and recast in its English mould, like those beautiful vases which the genius of another Englishman has shaped from potter's clay, so like, so full of the spirit of the original, that the uninitiated can hardly tell the Wedgwood copies from the real Portland and Warwick vases. As SCHILLER'S WALLENSTEIN is his greatest drama, that in which his powers have their freest, fullest, most healthy play; free from the crudeness of the ROBBERS; free from the monotony and declamation of the MARY STUART and the WILLIAM TELL; as that, in short, which he has written something as we might suppose SHAKESPEARE would have written had he lived at the end of the eighteenth century, so COLERIDGE's translation of WALLENSTEIN may be considered not only as his greatest poetical production, original in a very true and high sense of the term, but also the first of English translations of the highest order.

When we say that to this order Mr. ANTHON's translation of the 'Son of the Wilderness' belongs, we mean to say that it is executed in the spirit of that great poetical reproduction. It is a transfusion of the beautiful German form and soul of the original. While remarkably close to the letter and to the metre, the English verse is free, flowing, and natural: the language is terse and idiomatic; and the idea is not, in a single instance that we have noticed, mutilated or changed. In one or two places which the translator probably thought a little too broad and free for English ears, or even eyes, he has omitted several lines. This is, we believe, the only departure from the uniform fidelity of the rendering. Mr. ANTHON has done more than the humble work of a translator: he has produced some good English poetry, which reads like original, and which it is a comfort to read in these days and in this country of feeble and fragmentary poetic effort, and of efforts to express the inexpressible.

The story of the 'Son of the Wilderness' is striking and original. Apart from the interest of the plot, it has a philosophical and historical interest, (although a purely domestic tale,) as an illustration, in the concrete, of that great growth and development of modern civilization out of the elements of Grecian, Roman, and Northern cultivation, character, and blood, as they became mixed in Gaul and Western Europe about the era of Christianity. The scene is in Gaul, at Massilia, the modern Marseilles, one hundred years after it was founded by the Phœceans, one of those communities of adventurous Greeks, whose enterprise in lining the shores of the Mediterranean and Black seas with their colonies, finds its parallel only in the annals of American colonization.

INGOMAR is the chief of a tribe of Teutonic barbarians (saving the memory of our fathers!) whose predatory *raids* have brought them near Massilia. MYRON, the Greek armorer of the town, an aged man, wandering too far beyond the walls, is taken prisoner. He is poor. There is no one to furnish ransom. The laws of Massilia forbid *intervention*:

— 'an old law forbids it,
Left to us from the time when, but just founded,
Massalia* struggled with her barbarous neighbors

* By the way, why does Mr. ANTHON, or rather FRIEDRICH HALM, (for we observe the same spelling in the original,) write Massalia instead of *Massilia*?

In desperate contest for her infant life;
 'T was then decreed, lest anxious care for some
 Might jeopardize the safety of the whole,
 And prudence share the fate of reckless daring,
 Massalia should protect her citizens
 Only so far as her walls' shadow reached.'

No body is even willing to venture out among the barbarians to propose terms. PARTHENIA, MYRON's young and beautiful daughter, had been sought in marriage by POLYDORÉ, an old, rich, and ugly merchant. His suit is rejected with scorn, a scorn which he repays with bitterness when the weeping PARTHENIA implores in tears the aid of his purse to redeem her father, promising in return the care and devotion of a nurse — every thing but love. There is no help for PARTHENIA but within and *above*. With the aid of the gods she will go herself among the barbarians. She will find the way by their guidance to the lair of the savages: by their aid she will find a way to the savage heart of their chief. She will give herself a ransom, if need be, for her aged father.

The drama opens picturesquely and *naturally*. PARTHENIA is sitting at the feet of ACTÆA, her mother, at the threshold of their home. She is spinning, a distaff in her hand, a basket of flax at her side. ACTÆA speaks:

ACTÆA

'BETHINK thee, child, that POLYDORÉ is rich,
 A man of vigorous years; a widower, true,
 But rich; a man of station and of credit,
 And courts thee for his wife.

PARTHENIA (*rising*).

'The sun is setting;
 I've spun enough, methinks, for this day's labor':
 The olives at our neighbor's must be gathered,
 And so I'll hie me thither.

ACTÆA.

'No! remain!
 For once I will be heard, thou giddy one!
 Enough have childish follies, freaks, caprices,
 Been thy delight; the time at last has come
 To moderate thy wild, inconstant nature,
 And seriously give heed to serious words.

PARTHENIA (*sitting down again*).

'I'm list'ning, mother.

ACTÆA.

'So thou tell'st me ever,
 And, while I talk, thy truant fancy roves
 O'er hill and dale, as thou thyself art wont,
 The live-long day in chase of butterflies.
 'Tis now full time with thy spring's youthful graces
 To lay up for the autumn. Only youth
 Woods love, and youth is gone before we think:
 But the sad lot of the unmarried is
 A lone old age, and every fool's derision;
 And this lot will be thine, because thy mind
 Refuses heed to sage advice, and bids
 The gods defiance. Mydon first of all
 Didst thou reject —

PARTHENIA.

'Why, he was old, and lame,
 And ne'er spoke but to chide.

ACTÆA.

'EVANDER too.

PARTHENIA.

'So redolent of herbs, and oils, and ointments!
 To be with him was worse than to take physic!

ACTÆA (*springing up in anger, while Parthenia continues to spin*).

'Right! Go thou on! Tread fortune under foot!
Repentance never failed to wait on Folly.
Thou think'st, perhaps, that on thy tree of life
There blooms for thee some rare and wondrous lot;
Forsooth, thou 'rt handsome, and canst think right soundly,
And rich, no doubt.

PARTHENIA (*springing up*).

'Young am I, gay, and happy:

(*Embracing her mother.*)

My mother loves me, and what need I more?

ACTÆA.

'Yes, need I say! though so little thou deserv'st it;
By all the gods! we love thee — heartily —
Yet no! why do I fold thee in my arms?
I'm angry with thee — bitterly. Away!
We love thee, but thou hast no love for us;
'Tis but to brave us that thou wilt not marry;
Thou'st taken it perhaps into thy head
To wait till the man in the moon shall come to woo thee!

PARTHENIA (*after a pause*).

'Mother! I'll tell you what 'tis that I wait for;
Though I was yet a child, I marked it well;
You spoke to me of HERO and LEANDER,
And of their love; but when I sought to know
What Love might be, you answered with a smile,
And told me how Love springs up and waxes,
And shines with sudden light in darksome breasts,
While every pulse speaks out: 'Tis he! he bears
Within his breast a portion of thy soul!
Oh let me live for him, and with him perish!
These were your words; I heard and marked them well;
And then, when MEDON and EVANDER came
To woo, I laid my hand upon my heart
At stolen minutes, hearkened to its beating,
Listened and listened, but my heart was still;
And so, I wait until it speak its will!

Presently POLYDORE comes a-wooing:

—— 'SEE how he struts,
Tosses his head and throws his brow in wrinkles!'

POLYDORE must have a good housewife:

'Tis true that my poor CALLINICE's loss
Can never be repaired! Dear, faithful soul!
She knew how to lay up! But after all,
The armorer's daughter cannot fail to make
A stirring housekeeper. If I choose her
I'll make a prudent choice — why see, she's here!
I hail this meeting as a heavenly omen.
Many a weighty reason urges me
To a new marriage: first of all, my children.

PARTHENIA.

'Poor orphans!

POLYDORE.

'They! Oh, you can spare your pity!
A dainty, greedy set of most unruly,
Rebellious rogues! And now shall I lay out
A good round sum of money to procure
A pedagogue from Samos or Miletus?
Is not rude strength best tamed by gentleness?
And I know you are gentle.'

PARTHENIA's answer is short and to the point:

PARTHENIA.

'Yes! you shall have an answer. Mark me well!
Seek out a pedagogue for your wild brats,
At any price, where'er one may be found;
To guard your house, look well to locks and bolts;

And when you're sick, you 'll find at yonder corner
A huckster, who has wholesome herbs on sale,
And with them you can make your own sick-draughts;
But know, there grows on earth to me no herb
So bitter as your loathed presence! Mark it well!
This is my answer, may it now content you!

The fatal news of MYRON'S capture is announced. The Timarch (His Honor the Mayor) of Massilia refuses aid for the reason we have stated. And now comes POLYDORÉ'S 'revenges.' PARTHENIA is at his feet:

POLYDORÉ.

'Tis even so! at my feet! in the dust!

PARTHENIA.

'Forget! forgive! and set my father free!
I'll be your slave; I'll bind myself to serve you!

POLYDORÉ.

'Indeed!

PARTHENIA.

'I'll faithfully guard house and goods,
Nurse your old age, and watch over your children!

POLYDORÉ.

'Are you in earnest? Will you really do
All that?

PARTHENIA.

'All that, and yet more! Do you only
Grant me one thing; set my dear father free!

POLYDORÉ (*rising*).

Why, let me see: his ransom 's thirty ounces; I
No, no! 'T were a bad bargain! I'm a man
Who takes advice, and so I'll follow yours!
I'll get a pedagogue for my wild brats,
And guard my house with trusty locks and bolts;
And when I'm sick, I'll buy herbs from the huckster
At yonder corner; that's my better course;
But as for you, my pretty, scornful one,
Why you can free your father as you may!
Go bind yourself as slave to the barbarians;
Do what you please, but this one thing grant me:
Leave me, my Brier-Rose, out of the game!

(*Aside.*)

Now I have hit her home, and she can think on't.
(*Exit in the back-ground.*)

PARTHENIA (*who, during Polydore's last speech, has risen and moved away from him*).

'Go and exult! and fancy that despair
Lays hold on me, and that thy mockery
Is driving my desponding soul to madness!
It is not so! Men leave me to my sorrows,
But the gods look on me and send me help!
Their inspiration swells within my breast,
All dangers vanish, and no object looks
Beyond my reach! A spirit breathes within me,
A courage that shall lead to victory!
Thou fool, that thought'st to sharpen my distress,
The gods impelled thee to speak thus to me!
For thou hast showed me the dark path to rescue,
And taught me how to break my father's chains!
Away! away! Night's drawing on apace:
Others may lay their weary limbs to rest:
PARTHENIA, up! thy morning-work begins!

The second act opens in the wild region of the Cevennes, among the hide-tents of the savages. In a scene of much power two of the great national vices of our Teutonic race are vividly portrayed in the persons of our barbarian forefathers. The rude sons of the wilderness are drinking and gambling. A quarrel ensues, which INGOMAR, who has been reclining apart, summarily puts an end to, by the exercise of his rude authority, backed by a strong arm. Mean-

while the poor old armorer is kept busy serving the barbarians with flagons of mead. He weeps as he hands INGOMAR the flagon:

INGOMAR.

'WHAT are you crying, for? Foolish old man!
Here you have meat and drink enough; you sleep
At night upon soft moss, and when we're once
At home a furnace shall be built for you;
Then you can work and hammer as of old,
And live as you were wont. . . .
. . . . And do you miss your freedom?
Why, you were not free when we captured you:
Old age had you under his crippling yoke,
And only Strength is free, only Youth strong!'

Farther to comfort him, INGOMAR regales the old man with some of the 'peculiar institutions' of the Ligurians, such as the pleasant custom of turning aged persons out to die in the woods, and devoting slaves by lot as a sacrifice to the gods:

'STRENGTH is the sum of life; when strength decays,
Our life is but a sword-hilt without blade,
An empty quiver, and we cast it from us!'

But the idea of the sacrifice touches poor old MYRON to the quick:

INGOMAR.

'YOUR fate depends upon the will of him
Who gains you as his portion of the booty;
Yet it may happen that you fall, by lot,
To the great gods, as their part of the plunder;
Then, where the hallowed stones rear their vast circle,
The sacrificial ax must lay you low.

MYRON.

'THE sacrificial axe! Ah me! I feel it
Piercing my flesh! Ah me!

INGOMAR.

'Thou fool, thou art so much in love with life,
That mourn'st thy freedom, and hast ne'er known either!
The home of Freedom is in our free air,
She dwells among our woods, upon our mountains
She draws her vital breath! And as for life,
This which we lead, one moment home, then here,
To-day no care, no sparing for to-morrow,
The chase, the feast, the battle, and the danger,
This, this is life; no pleasure is like this,
When the veins swell, the exulting bosom heaves!
But you, confined within your gloomy walls,
Spend all your days in sorrow and repining.

MYRON.

'Master, within their circuit I was born,
There Justice dwells, and Law, and Social Order;
There live my faithful wife, and my dear daughter;
'T is there I have—or did have, must I say?—
All upon earth on which my heart sets store!

INGOMAR.

'What? Can it be? Tears? Hence! Begone!
For women? Tears? Are you yourself a woman?
What are these women? Vain, luxurious things,
Created to bear children and be slaves!
That cast, as soon as ripe, their wanton glances,
That crouch around the fire, and suckle infants,
Look at themselves in brooks, and twine their hair!
Were I a god, and had the world to make,
There should not be one in it!'

Poor INGOMAR! He little knew how soon his barbarian insensibility was to be shaken. But of this and other remaining matters we shall speak in an ensuing number.

OUTLINES OF MORAL SCIENCE. By ARCHIBALD ALEXANDER, D. D., late Professor in the Theological Seminary at Princeton, New-Jersey. In one volume: pp. 272. New-York: CHARLES SCRIBNER.

This is the last work which proceeded from the lamented author's hand, from which has come so much that has stamped itself upon the era in which he lived, and which will long live after him. We are informed that in the days which immediately preceded his peaceful departure out of the present life, and while his powers were free from all clouds and weakness, he spoke of these papers as nearly prepared for the press, and consigned them with that intention to two of his sons. His brothers in the ministry, in the perusal of this volume, 'will recognize in it the doctrines and arguments which characterized the author's theological method, and will prize it as a comprehensive syllabus,' even while they may miss that copiousness, vivacity and warmth, which added such marked efficacy to his oral teachings. 'It was not the habit of Dr. ALEXANDER's mind,' observes his editor, 'to load his discourses with learned citation, or even to break the continuity of his analytical discourse by unnecessary sallies against opponents.' Amidst a life of almost perpetual reading, of which he held the results in his memory with singular exactness and tenacity, he sought and presented truth with the least possible quoted aid. The book before us is one of elements; laying down principles, clearing the statement of fundamental questions, and marking limits around the science. It does not gather, name and 'table' human duties, but lays foundations and elucidates principles. It is positive and didactic rather than controversial; yet the editor is of opinion that it may nevertheless awaken much opposition from controversialists. 'No one,' he adds, however, 'whatever his private dissent may be, will justly complain that his opinions have been treated with unfairness or rigor.' The execution of the work is in the customary style of neatness peculiar to the issues of the popular publisher.

Since the foregoing was placed in type, we have received the following from an esteemed friend, himself an accomplished scholar and able writer: 'Fifteen years ago, when a student at Princeton College, it was with peculiar delight that we beheld the venerable Doctor ALEXANDER ascend the pulpit of the chapel on a Sunday morning. It was a pleasure shared by two or three hundred young men; among whom, we will venture to assert, that from the time when he began to speak until he had finished his discourse, there was not a single one, capable of thought, whose attention was not profoundly riveted. Whether his text were 'Rejoice, O young man, in thy youth!' or whether it involved the subtlest and most abstruse questions, he came immediately to the point: in a way of his own he divested the subject of difficulty; he presented it before your very eye-sight with the clearness of day, in words perhaps unwritten, yet elegant, without a single effort of ambition, and in the most charming simplicity. There was not a thought not consecutive; there was not a word misplaced or superfluous: he stopped exactly at the right place; and young men as we were, it was a matter of marvel that all could not write what all could so readily comprehend. His style is not exceeded in pureness and transparency by any author in the English tongue; and if for that alone, he might be studied profitably as a model of clear, simple, and unadulterated Saxon. His 'Evidences of Christianity' requires at present no comment. It is the text-book at the college; a little compact volume, printed in clear type; and in comprehensiveness and simplicity the most satisfactory and exquisite on that subject ever written. Like all

which he ever indited, it is equally fitted for the wise or for the unlearned. 'He that runs may read.' The present work is one in which all the characteristics of the author are brought to bear to strip of severity, to translate into common terms the unknown nomenclature of a recondite science, so as to make it a hand-book for youth, and present to ordinary comprehending minds the statement of elementary principles. The whole habit of the author's mind fitted him for this ultimate work. His very simplicity is severity; and he can so enunciate the *principia* of the science, that the words of the statement almost include the argument and the proof. The necessary illustration is most wonderfully succinct, giving to each chapter the golden nature of a last result. There is no wastage.'

PUTNAM'S SEMI-MONTHLY LIBRARY FOR TRAVELLERS AND THE FIRESIDE. WHIMS AND ODDITIES. By THOMAS HOOD. In one volume: pp. 215. New-York: GEORGE P. PUTNAM AND COMPANY.

In one of his prefaces to the several editions which Hood's 'Whims and Oddities' have gone through, (we speak of the contents of the book, O PRISCIAN! rather than its title,) the author observes: 'It happens to most persons, in occasional lively moments, to have their little chirping fancies and brain-crotchets, that slip out of the meadow-land of the mind. I have caught mine, and clapped them up in paper and print, like grass-hoppers in a cage. The judicious reader,' he adds, 'will look upon the trifling creatures accordingly, and not expect from them the flights of poetical-winged horses.' Many of the pieces, both in prose and verse, which compose this volume have become, from their quaintness and humor, more or less familiar to the public; but the following we do not before remember to have encountered. It is from '*A Complaint Against Greatness*,' being the remonstrance of a fat bull, which would be echoed by hundreds of the poor beasts who are driven through our cities, if they could but speak. The sly hit at the catchrestical wording of the announcement in the catalogue will not escape notice:

'I AM an unfortunate creature, the most wretched of all that groan under the burden of the flesh, I am fainting, as they say of kings, under my oppressive greatness. A miserable ATLAS, I sink under the world of—myself.

'But the curious will here ask me for my name. I am then, or they say I am, '*The Reverend Mr. Farmer, a four-years-old Durham Ox, fed by himself, upon oil-cake and mangel-wurzel*;' but I resemble that worthy agricultural Vicar only in my fat living. In plain truth, I am an unhappy candidate for the show. They tell me I am to bear the bell, (as if I had not enough to bear already!) by my surpassing tonnage; and, doubtless, the prize-emblem will be proportioned to my unensy merits. With a great Tom of Lincoln about my neck—alas! what will it comfort me to have been 'commended by the judges?'

'Wearisome and painful was my pilgrim-like progress to this place, by short and tremulous stepplings, like the digit's march upon a dial. My owner, jealous of my fat, procured a crippled drover, with a withered limb, for my conductor; but even *he* hurried me beyond my breath. The drawling hearse left me laboring behind; the ponderous fly-wagon passed me like a bird upon the road, so tediously slow is my pace. It just sufficeth, O ye thrice happy Oysters! that have no locomotive faculty at all, to distinguish that I am not at rest. Wherever the grass grew by the way-side, how it tempted my natural longings; the cool brook flowed at my very foot, but this short thick neck forbade me to eat or drink: nothing but my redundant dewlap is likely ever to graze on the ground!

'If stalls and troughs were not extant, I must perish. Nature has given to the elephant a long flexible tube, or trunk, so that he can feed his mouth, as it were, by his nose; but is man able to furnish me with such an implement? Or would he not still withhold it, lest I should prefer the green herb, my natural delicious diet, and reject his rank, unsavory condiments? What beast, with free will, but would repair to the sweet meadow for its pasture; and yet how grossly is he labelled and labelled? Your bovine servant—in the catalogue—is a '*Durham Ox, fed by himself*, (as if he had any election,) upon oil-cake.'

'I wonder what rapacious cook, with an eye to her insatiable grease-pot and kitchen perquisites, gave the hint of this system of stall-feeding! What unctuous Hull merchant, or candle-loving Muscovite, made this grossness a desideratum? If mine were, indeed, like the fat of the tender suck-

ing pig, that delicate gluten! there would be reason for its unbounded promotion; but to see the prize steak loaded with that rank yellow abomination, (the lamp-lighters know its relish,) might wean a man from carnivorous habits for ever. Verily, it is an abuse of the Christmas holly, the emblem of old English and wholesome cheer, to plant it upon such blubber. A gentlemanly entail must be driven to extreme straits, indeed, (Davis's Straits,) to feel any yearnings for such a meal; and yet I am told that an assembly of gentry, with all the celebrations of full bumpers and a blazing chimney-pot, have honored the broiled slices of a prize bullock, a dishful of stringy fibres, an animal cabbage-net, and that rank even hath been satisfied with its rankness.

'Will the honorable club, whose aim it is thus to make the beastly nature more beastly, consider of this matter? Will the humane, when they provide against the torments of cats and dogs, take no notice of our condition? Nature, to the whales, and creatures of their corpulence, has assigned the cool deeps; but we have no such refuge in our meltings. At least, let the stall-feeder confine his system to the uncleanly swine which chews not the cud; for let the worthy members conceive, on the palate of imagination, the abominable returns of the refuse-linseed in our after ruminations. Oh, let us not suffer in vain! It may seem presumption in a brute to question the human wisdom; but, truly, I can perceive no beneficial ends worthy to be set off against our sufferings. There must be, methinks, a nearer way of augmenting the perquisites of the kitchen-wench and the fireman—of killing frogs—than by exciting them at the expense of us poor blown-up Oxen to a mortal inflation.'

One of the best prose-sketches in the book is that entitled '*Walton Redivivus, a New-River Eclogue*,' a quaint but most 'telling' satire upon the enthusiasm of inexperienced trout-fishers. The cuts, which are numerous and effective, although coarse, are from designs by Hoop himself, who depreciatingly describes them as 'rude and artless,' compared with other sketches, and as possessing defects of which he is perfectly aware: but, he adds, 'when RAPHAEL has bestowed seven legs upon four apostles, FUSELI has stuck in a great goggle-head without an owner, and MICHAEL ANGELO has set on a foot the wrong way, he hopes that his own little enormities may be forgiven.'

LOUISIANA: ITS HISTORY AS A FRENCH COLONY. Third Series of Lectures. By CHARLES GAYARRE. In one volume: pp. 380. New-York: JOHN WILEY, Number 167, Broadway.

WE remember briefly and inadequately to have noticed the preceding lectures of the series of which these are the continuation and the conclusion. The entire work embraces a period which extends from the discovery of Louisiana in 1769, when it was finally transferred by the French to the Spaniards in virtue of the Fontainebleau treaty, signed in November, 1762. The whole comprises an accurate history of Louisiana, as a French colony. The writer began the work with the intention of presenting a series of gossiping and entertaining lectures, and at first, while his facts were authentic, his imagination was by many not considered to be idle; insomuch that his style was criticised by some as not in accordance with the dignity of history, and to partake somewhat too much of the romantic. Indeed, the writer himself admits that he attached little importance to the first four lectures of the series; but, struck with the interest which they excited, he examined with more care and sober thought the flowery field in which he had disported, almost with the buoyancy of a school-boy. 'Checking the freaks of his imagination, that boon companion with whom he had been gambolling, he took to the plough, broke the ground, and turned himself to a more serious and useful occupation.' The change is observable in the second series, and in the third and last series, now under notice, it is still more distinctly marked; the style corresponding, as was meet, with the authenticity and growing importance of the events which the writer was called upon to record. M. GAYARRE proposes hereafter to write the history of the Spanish domination in Louisiana from 1769 to 1803, when was effected the almost simultaneous cession of that province by Spain to France, and by France to the United States. Embracing an entirely distinct period of history, this will prove to be a volume of no ordinary historical and literary interest.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE ELDER ADAMS.—We subjoin another letter from the elder ADAMS, of renowned and cherished memory, which we have received through the same thoughtful and obliging source, mentioned in our October number:

Quincy, June 17, 1817.

'DEAR SIR: Accept my thanks for your favor of last month. The safe arrival of your books has quieted my conscience.

'There is nothing within the narrow compass of human knowledge more interesting than the subject of your letter.

'If the idea of a government in one centre seems to be every where 'exploded,' perhaps something remains, undefined, as dangerous, as plausible and pernicious as that idea. Half a million of people in England have petitioned Parliament for annual Parliaments and universal suffrage. Another account says near a million of people have petitioned for the Theory of the Constitution, which they contend prescribes annual Parliaments and universal suffrage.

'Parliament is unanimous against them. What is this state of things short of a declaration of war between the government and the people? And is not this the picture of all Europe? Sovereigns who modestly call themselves legitimate, are conspiring in holy and in unhallowed leagues against the progress of human knowledge and human liberty.

'War seems on the point of breaking out between government and people. Were the latter united, the question would soon be decided. But they are every where divided into innumerable sects; whereas the former are united and have all the artillery and bayonets in their hands. And what is most melancholy of all, an appeal to arms almost always results in an exchange of one military tyranny for another.

'The questions concerning universal suffrage, and those concerning the necessary limitations of the power of suffrage, are among the most difficult. It is hard to say that every man has not an equal right. But, admit this equal right, and equal power, and an immediate revolution would ensue.

'In all the nations of Europe the number of persons who have not a penny is double to those who have a groat. Admit all these to an equality of power, and you would soon see how the groats would be divided. Yet in a few days, the party of the pennies and the party of the groats would be found to exist again, and a new revolution and a new division must ensue.

'If there is any where an exception from this reasoning, it is in America. Nevertheless, there is in these United States a majority of persons who have no property over those who have any.

'I know of nothing more desirable in society than the abolition of all hereditary distinctions. But is not a distinction among voters really as arbitrary and aristocratical as hereditary distinctions? You well remember that between thirty and forty years ago, the Irish patriots asked advice of the Duke of Richmond, Dr. PRICE, Dr. JENN, etc. These three great statesmen, divines, and philosophers, solemnly advised an universal suffrage. TRACY, in his review of MONTESQUIEU, adopts this principle in its largest extent. A party among mankind countenanced at this day by such numbers and such names, is not to be despised, neglected, nor easily overborne.

'There is nothing more irrational, absurd, or ridiculous, in the sight of philosophy, than the idea of kings and nobles; yet all the nations of the earth, civilized, savage, and brutal, have adopted them. Whence this universal and irresistible propensity? How shall it be controlled, restrained corrected, modified, or managed?

'A government, a mixed government, may be so organized, I hope, as to preserve the liberty, equality, and fraternity of the people, without any hereditary ingredient in its composition. Our nation has attempted it, and if any people can accomplish it, it must be this; and may God ALMIGHTY prosper and succeed them!

'I have seen the efforts of the people in France, Holland, and England. You have read them in all Europe. We both know the result. What is to come we know not. My personal interest in such disquisitions can last but a few hours. But still *homo sum*, and *homo* I shall be.

'May you live to a greater age than mine, and be able to die with brighter prospects for your species than can fall to the lot of

Your friend,

JOHN ADAMS.'

'JAMES MADISON,

'Montpelier, Virginia.'

ANOTHER LETTER FROM 'UP THE RIVER.'—Again our friend from the banks of the Hudson: and well may he write, for his praises every where abound. Of old and young, in town and country, he has become an established favorite; and that 'mighty engine the Press' sends forth his lucubrations on their snowy wings, accompanied by such comments as the ensuing, from that whitest and neatest of metropolitan journals, the '*Daily Times*:' 'The gem of the October KNICKERBOCKER is the '*Letter from Up the River*.' It is full of the country: trees wave, and the sweet breath of new-mown hay is therein, with touches of pathos, humor, and good-hearted feeling; while through all, in a hidden strain of melody, like a clear rill, runs the ever-varying, cunning, facile style of one of the most captivating magazine-writers of the day.'

'Up the River, October, 1852.

'WHEN my Shanghai began to lay eggs, I preserved them scrupulously as those of no common fowl, and placed them in a shallow earthen vessel in the cellar to be ready for incubation. She sat upon fifteen, all moderately-sized, of a mulatto color, and I expected fifteen chickens in the process of time. Great was my impatience, as the three weeks were nearly fulfilled, and I watched her upon the nest from day to day, most meekly and quietly brooding. One day I gently lifted her, as she protested with subdued clucking, and counted only fourteen eggs. How was this? 'FEL-O-ER-AH! how many eggs did we place in this nest?' 'A-fifteen, Sir.' 'Here are only fourteen: what has become of the other?' 'I do know, Sir.' That was very strange, for who would rob a hen's nest when she was in the act of setting? In a few days after, only thirteen remained, on which I suspected that some sly rat had watched her chance and indulged his sucking propensity. But it presently appeared that this unnatural Shanghai picked them to pieces and ate them. One morning, in consequence, she got desperately sick, and wandered into the thick weeds of the garden, poking her head among the currant-bushes and burdocks, where she remained for some hours, until every egg became cold. The carpenters who were making the fence told me to take her by the legs and hold her head downward. I did so, stroking the feathers of her neck, when the egg leaked out of her throat. She was immediately well, and resumed sitting. It could not be expected, however, after such a misfortune, that any chickens should be produced.

'One day, after breakfast, FLORA came in with great eagerness, as I was sip-

ping my second cup of Mocha, and said that the hen had a chicken. Sure enough, on going beneath the shed, I could hear its smothered chirp; and on raising the mother up, beheld the chick as yet a little embarrassed by the shell, but quite large and lively, with yellow legs slightly feathered, and all the characteristics of the Shanghai breed. I went into my study to fold a few letters, and on returning still heard the cry. Made a pilgrimage to the garden to get a cauliflower for dinner. When I came back, the voice of the chicken was no longer heard. Lifted up the hen, and found the little thing stone dead: took it up, examined it for a minute, and threw it upon the straw. Pshaw!

When the next chicken was hatched, I went out to take it away to put it in a basket in the fire-place and feed it 'out of hand,' and learned to my surprise that Shanghai had eaten it up! That the savage and irascible sow will devour squeakings is a fact well known. That the hen, that very figure and illustration of maternal tenderness, is sometimes guilty of the same act, never before came to my knowledge. Out of fifteen eggs my Shanghai has only two chickens, who go tottling about, stumbling and bungling over the little hillocks: a small brood, and I am afraid that these will fall victims to casualty or a sly rat. It is very hard to be guarded with any certainty against a sly rat. He has a poking nose, a peeking eye, a ransacking smell, an inaudible foot-fall; and added to all, a consummate unprincipled judgment. Before you know it, he has sucked your eggs, gnawed your hams, or emptied your oil-betty. Good rat-catchers are much wanted throughout Christendom.

—
'MONDAY. — As I walked from the post-office, on the borders of the stubble-fields, and read papers by the way, an incident befel—not that I walked off a bridge, or saw my name in print; but happening to lift my eyes from the page, and look up in the sun, I sneezed as if I had taken a pinch of rose-scented snuff. I know not how it is, but as I grow older I sneeze with redoubled violence, sometimes as if it would really tear me to pieces. Some people cannot make a noise in any other way; and one old gentleman of my acquaintance has a fit of this kind every Sunday morning in church, the whole fit including seven successive sneezes of the most violent kind. But this is not the incident. Scarcely had I sneezed, when a peal of puerile laughter broke upon my ear; and turning round, I beheld a small boy with blue eyes, having a little bundle and a Maltese kitten in his arms. 'Oh,' said he, 'when you sneezed, those pigs in the field ran as fast as they could go!'

'The boy had such a happy face, was in such a chuckling mood, so free from care and so disposed to talk, that I folded up the mammoth sheets, so full of sarcasm and rebuke, to be edified with the bright pictures of a primer or little book. Before advancing the length of a corn-field, he opened his budget—not the little bundle in which his worldly goods were enclosed within a cotton kerchief, but the budget of his history—and told me all things that ever he did: what was his name; that his parents were dead; that he was born in Hampshire; that he was twelve years old; that he could read; that he had been to Sunday-school; that he was now out of place; and that he was on a journey.

'How far are you going, my little man?'

'To Rochester, Sir.'

'That is a great way for you to travel. How much money have you got?'

'I've got a shilling,' said he, laughing with great glee; 'I'm going to keep that till to-morrow, to buy my dinner with.'

'Yes; but when you travel on the rail-road you must pay a dollar or two. What will you do?'

'Oh, I'll tell them that I want to go, and they'll let me.'

'It was in vain that I could impress upon his apprehension that he was venturing far upon a little capital; for he soon burst into another fit of gay laughter, as he held up the kitten and changed the theme.

'What are you going to do with the kitten?' said I.

'Oh, I do as every body tells me: my mistress told me to take her a mile and let her go.'

'Having now arrived at my own gate, I told him to let the Maltese loose, and she ran mewing along the garden-fence. When I caught her, and brought her into the kitchen, I found that she was blind. 'The world is generous,' thought I, 'to send a little boy on foot three hundred miles with a shilling in his pocket, and make him drop a blind kitten by the way!'

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'SUNDAY MORNING.—When the sun rose this morning, a white smoke, like that which uprises from the crucible of the alchemist, covered the whole earth; and as HOMEROS expresses it, you could see about as far as a stone's cast, supposing that the stone were not thrown from a sling. When to the tintinnabulation of the breakfast-bell, inviting to appease a gentle appetite, (how different from the stunning gong which calls whole gangs to 'raven like a wolf!') when, as the volatile spirit of coffee came through the key-hole and brooded over the pillow, from which I awoke refreshed, I passed down the broad and polished oaken stair-case which adorns my friend's house on the banks of the Hudson, and stepped upon the piazza, all was a blank. Of the infinite beauties of Nature, which seemed to have taken the white veil, not one was visible, save a few blue morning-glories on the porch, on the hither edge of this vapory sea. Blue is a hopeful color, not properly the badge of dejection, nor to be 'worn in the button-hole of a jaundiced man.' While the winter lingers, Blue-bird first carols on the unbudding bough; while the snow yet remains in patches, Violet ventures to peep out on the cheerless scene; while the clouds hesitate to depart the blue sky gives a little hope; blue eyes beam on me with the greatest tenderness; and so I thought when Morning-glory first greeted me on the dewy porch. Methinks that morning-glory has not received its meed of justice, O my friend! It is not enough be painted in pictures, or celebrated in song: it is too often put off with a mere bean-pole for support, or with an ungainly stick; discarded from porch, arbor, trellis, bower, net-work, floral temple, aerial garden-arch and architecture; given up to the tender mercy and support of coarser plants; yet it affords the best moral lesson among the flowers, for it shuts up early, without even a taste of mountain-dew, and you have never seen it blue at night. Why do n't you laugh?

'At the hour of ten my friend's carriage was at the door; a plain oblong box, without top, fit for the country; painted of a subdued claret-color, mounted upon springs, in which his plump and rosy children climbed, gleefully delighted to ride to church; and as we took our seats, just then the powerful sun controlled the day; while in many a graceful folding, looping, and festooning, the misty curtain rose upon the enchanting scene. There in the fore-ground, at the base of that clean slope, grassy lawn, Hudson, river of rivers, rolled; and as I stood on the piazza, with prayer-book in my hand, I noticed that, with respect to its width, it was, like 'All of Gaul,' divided into three parts. First, near the shore

a great extended mirror, smooth, glassy; then a roughened channel; and opposite, beneath the impending, wood-crowned banks, a Stygian stream, full of *shadows*. It was Indian summer, (short-lived season!) belted betwixt sweltering heats and arctic ice, and every hour of its golden days is blissful and balmier than balm—'from morn to noon, from noon till dewy eve,' all luxury and delight. Oh, the sun-rising out of that sea of silvery vapor, where one by one the mountain-tops reveal themselves in grandeur; surmounting pine and conic summit down to the expansive base, where runs the flashing rill; while all within the scooped-out hollows the mist still rolls in snowy gulfs, till the meridian splendor of the sun dispels the illusion! Oh, the blue hazy atmosphere, tender as beams of the full-risen moon, softening those pictures of the earth which only eyes like CLAUDE'S know how to fix and pencil down! And oh, the luxury of life on such a day—Sabbath of Sabbaths! The tinkling kine go down the vale, and all the pastoral picture satisfies the sense; while from the distant spire the 'bells—bells—bells!' come hovering on the air with sweeter melody!

'Winding about the grassy slope we came into the woods, talking of TITUS LIVIUS—something turned the conversation that way—and passed through a rustic gate, whose hinges were of green withes, and pivoted upon a stump; master-piece of the farmer's art, the *extempore* composition of a half-hour, when his hatchet was unemployed in the woods. So ingeniously is it put together, that the elbows and crooked part of the wood seem to have been predestined, and to have grown up in their gnarled and knotted crookedness, for the express purpose of that gate. If I had as good a hand as an eye, I would draw it upon this paper, as a very pleasing object to look upon; for when in the course of taking a ride you are interrupted by such a gate, it well repays for the trouble of opening and shutting, to find the tokens of talent and artistic skill. That's a charming ride through those woods in the spring, when the sassafras, the birch, and all the aromatic woods are bursting their plump buds, and when the tender grape gives a good smell. It is so in the midsummer. Coolness resides in those deep dells; hollows scooped out, where, as you look down by the way, you must drop a plummet very deep before it would reach the tops of the lofty oaks, or sink among the thick green foliage of the trees. The oak throws its over-mastering arms above you, and exhibits its crown beneath. These are the snuggest nestling spots for birds. Here the gray squirrel throws his ornamental tail above his back, or picks a hazel-nut with delicate grace; and the mischievous blue-jay dives into the thickest shades with a sharp scream, that guilty bird!

'Riding on that pleasant Sunday morning, as presently we passed beneath a canopy of chestnut boughs, we heard again the tinkling water-brooks and Sunday bells. The mountains which gird us in on every hand are now changing in their foliage from the many varieties of green, which belong to spring and summer, to the triumphal colors which mark the spanning rain-bow or the setting sun. Among all the trees the pepperidge now distinguishes itself even beyond the maple for its superb tints. The intermingling of purple with the yet green tops of the locust-groves is indescribably rich, or with the orange-yellow of the oak, around which the American ivy is entwined, or hangs in festoons upon the fences; and wherever the eye turns, the intermingling of rain-bow colors is seen on every hand. But you must travel farther north to see the pomp of the dying year. Do you remember that 'Ride through the Gulf,' written by CAROLUS BROOKS? It is a sumptuous account.

'At this season, so voluptuous in its softness, some apple, plum, peach, and pear

trees venture to bloom anew. I have sometimes found the ripe strawberry in the open air. 'Doubtless God might have made a better berry,' says an old writer, 'but he never did;' and so I thought when taking a last leave in the fall of the exquisite flavor of that fruit of fruits. I made a basket of the dry husks of corn, placed therein a handful gathered with patient industry among the red and decaying leaves. Now also do the grapes abound. Isabella and Catawba vie in purple blush, but Scuppernong is too effeminate for the cold North. Not long ago I walked under a glassy dome, with the most glorious clusters above my head, transparent to the very heart and bursting their tender skins with juice. A rill of great transparency really oozed from the corners of my mouth; and as the generous host gave me by the stem a full-grown bunch, I ate them with a feeling of self-reproach. How many a sick and parched mouth would have been revived by what I wantonly ate up with the most abandoned luxury! These are for the tables of the rich; but the time is coming when the vine-clad hills shall be a feature in the glorious land, and the vintage a festive season to the sons of toil. Then shall Nature perfect the convulsive effort to alleviate a mighty wrong. BACCHUS and CERES shall be made friends. But what are those golden balls in yonder stubble-field, among the standing stacks of corn? Pumpkins, my friend. Of these the crop is plentiful and good; and though I do not like the ordinary pumpkin-pie, far be it from me to rejoice not in the prospects of those who do. It is the height of folly to set up your own taste as a standard for the world. Never did this crop more dot the fields; and I can assure you, that it is a sight at least to feast the eye where you behold the distant slope all covered with the auriferous fruit of this vine; while I can anticipate in my heart the full sentiment of a New-England Thanksgiving.

'We must make the most of mid-summer, the most of Indian summer, the most of splendid October; for with the fall of the leaf the pastoral feeling will subside, and it is hard to write an *Idyl* by a stove. But now, as I pass through the woods or explore the bottom of dells like the aforesaid, I can with my whole heart draw out the ivory tablets, silver-clasped, which you gave me, what time we wandered into BONFANT's on a pleasant day, and sitting down on some stump, some rock, some bank where the living waters gush, endeavor to transcribe a little of the feeling which I had in full force when, a boy, I read THEOCRITUS and MOSCHUS, and, when a man, I revelled and 'spread' in sweet WILLIAM's *Midsummer Night's Dream*. VIRGILIUS in his *Eclogues* could never stir up in me rich sylvan sympathies, or lull me in a dream. In vain did he talk of cheese and chestnuts, fleeces and kine. I never could hear the bells tinkle on his herds. *ECLOGA* is not *IDYL*. He does well by *pius ÆNEAS*, but not quite so well by CORYDON, and DAMETAS, and TYTYRUS, and all that set. Only one line still tarries on remembrance, and comes up involuntarily on the tongue:

'TYTYRE dum redeo, brevis est via, pasce capellas.'

'I saw something in the woods to-day which struck me sentimentally: is it worth mentioning?—a dead catydid at the bottom of a clear spring. Numbed by the frosty night, from a sublime height he fell into this glassy sarcophagus, where his green body was laid out on little white pebbles, swathed in lymph, fit sepulchre for a nightingale or a catydid. When you hear the hoarse cicada sing in the sweltering heats of August, soon after look for temperate nights; and by the time the lightning-bugs have ceased to twinkle on the mead, and casual glow-worms shine with a dull lustre in the path, you may expect the welcome music of the catydids, who love to congregate in the willow-groves, ever re-

peating that mournful story of the broken bottle; and the rule is, that when the first frosts whiten the earth they hush their song. We had some nipping nights not long ago, and sat in the cheerless rooms with a mournful feeling of the decaying year. But again the windows and doors are flung wide open in the heavenly nights; round as young Norval's shield the full moon rides aloft, and feebly and in fewer numbers the catydid's resume their song.

'Give me any music but the mosquito's roundelay, say I. I have watched them on my hand until their bodies became little red globules, like the bottles in the windows of an apothecary's shop. After observing curiously for some time the play of their delicate antlers and white speckled legs, like the state-prisoners' breeches at Sing-Sing, you would hardly kill one of these more than you would your own child, because he has your own blood in his veins. We have hardly been bothered with a mosquito among these mountains this summer: but when I staid in town the other night, only one of these tormentors interrupted the rest of a tired man. I laid my deliberate plan to deprive him of life, indulging him for a long time in his far-away hummings, his flights to the ceiling and return, his circling movements overhead, his tipping touches and retreat, until the moment should come for a fair, well-ordered slap, which should stop his music for the night. But amiable humor was well-nigh worried out in waiting for revenge. Now he alighted on my knuckle, now on my finger's end just outside the nail, on the eye-lid, on the lip, on the lappet of the ear, till last of all, he ventured to apply his sucking apparatus to a cheek somewhat pale and ill supplied with blood. Then did I slap my face as it has not been slapped since puerile days. 'Have you killed him?' said I. 'I have,' replied I, speaking to myself, and forthwith, satisfied with the exploit, fell into a tranquil sleep, dreaming of woods, and fields, and water-brooks, and pleasant scenes.' F. W. S.

'A WITNESS 'AS WAS' A WITNESS' is described in the '*Spirit of the Times*' in a most felicitous manner. Professional engagements required the writer's presence in a circuit-court which was then in session in one of the villages of a midland county of the 'Empire State;' and 'during the term an incident occurred, which may be interesting if not useful to those legal gentlemen who are partial to the study of the 'laws of evidence.' The case tried was one in which a question arose as to personal property, claimed to have been sold some time previously under an execution, and the plaintiff in the case called a witness to establish the fact of the sale. The following 'evidence' was elicited on the cross-examination of the witness:

'QUESTION BY COUNSEL: 'Sir, you say you attended the sale on the execution spoken of. Did you keep the minutes of that sale?'

'WITNESS: 'Don't know, Sir, but I did: don't recollect whether I kept the minutes, or the sheriff, or no body. I think it was one of us.'

'COUNSEL: 'Well, Sir, will you tell me what articles were sold on that execution?'

'Here the witness hesitated, not willing to commit himself by going into particulars, until the patience of the counsel became exhausted, and he pressed a special interrogatory.

'COUNSEL: 'Did you on that occasion sell a threshing-machine?'

'WITNESS: 'Yes, I think we did.'

'COUNSEL: 'I wish you to be positive. Are you sure of it?'

'WITNESS: 'Can't say that I am sure of it; and when I come to think of it, I don't know as we did: think we didn't.'

'COUNSEL: 'Will you swear, then, that you did *not* sell one?'

'WITNESS: 'No, Sir; do n't think I would: for I can't say whether we did or did n't.'

'COUNSEL: 'Did you sell a horse-power?'

'WITNESS: 'Horse-power?'

'COUNSEL: 'Yes, horse-power!'

'WITNESS: 'Horse-power! Well, it seems to me we did. And then, it seems to me we did n't. I don't *know* now as I can recollect whether I remember there was any horse-power there: and if there wasn't any there, I can't say whether we sold it or not: but I don't *think* we did: though it may be, perhaps, that we *did*, after all. It's some time ago, and I don't like to say certainly.'

'COUNSEL: 'Well, perhaps you can tell me this: Did you sell a fanning-mill?'

'WITNESS: 'Yes, Sir, we sold a fanning-mill. I guess I am sure of that.'

'COUNSEL: 'Well, you swear to that, do you?—that one thing, though I do n't see it on the list.'

'WITNESS: 'Why, I may be mistaken about it: perhaps I am. It may be it was some body else's fanning-mill at some other time: not sure.'

'COUNSEL (to the Court): 'I should like to know, may it please the Court, what this witness *does* know, and what he is *sure* of.'

'WITNESS (to Counsel): 'Well, Sir, I know one thing, that I'm sure of; and that is, that on that sale we sold either a *threshing-machine*, or a *horse-power*, or a *fanning-mill*, or one, or all, or *neither* of them, but I do n't know which!'

The Century Papers.

ON THE HABITS OF IRISHMEN.

'In what part of her body stands Ireland?'

SHAKESPEARE.

THE Green island of Erin, which should more properly be called the Red island of Ire, is situated on the north-west coast of England. It is about two hundred and seventy-eight miles in length, by one hundred and fifty-five in breadth, differing therein from the brogue of the country, which is as broad as it is long. It is inhabited by a race known familiarly as Irishmen. Its principal exports are linens, whiskey, and emigrants, the two latter usually going together, the former by itself. It is also famous for its breed of bulls, a specimen of which was exhibited at Mr. LEWIS G. MORRIS'S cattle-sale on the ninth day of June last. Speaking of the 'Lord of ERYHOLME,' one of his imported bulls, he says, in his catalogue, the name of MAYNARD or ERYHOLME, as associated with short-horns, is as expressive *almost* as Mount-Vernon is connected with the Father of his Country! This idea, so lucidly expressed, will no doubt cause Mount-Fordham to be associated for the future with a breed of stock heretofore unknown in this country, namely, the 'MORRIS bulls!'

Ireland is also celebrated for its wit and poverty: two words which have become synonyms in almost every language. Its cleanliness is proverbial, the very pigs being as clean, if not cleaner, than their owners; while in regard to honesty, we are assured by SWIFT 'that the children seldom pick up a livelihood by stealing until they arrive at six years old;' although he confesses they get the rudiments much earlier. The cultivation of vegetables is an object of national interest in Ireland, especially the shamrock and shillelah; the latter, in fact, may be seen flourishing all over the island. As to vermin, if there be any truth in history, St. PATRICK gave them their quietus in the year 526; there, or thereabout: I am not critical as to the exact date, but a traditional something to that effect has been running in every Irishman's head since the epoch of the Saint's visit in that century.

Ireland is also famous for sobriety, although the Maine Law has not yet been

introduced: 'for how,' says PAR, 'can we have a 'Maine Law' upon an Island! Beside, we could only carry it out at the point of the bayonet, which would be the biggest bull poor PADDY ever yet made in the way of philanthropy!' But there is another reason. It is embodied in a legend of St. PATRICK, and a legend with an Irishman is as good as an axiom with a mathematician. It is this:

'You have heard, I suppose, long ago,
How the snakes in a manner most antic
He thrased ather the pipes to Mayo,
And then drown'd them *all* in the Atlantic!
Hence, *not* to use wather for drink
The good people of Ireland detarmine,
And with mighty good reason, I think,
Since St. PHADRICK has filled it with varmin,
And vipers, and other such stuff!'

Perhaps no people in the world possess more of the '*amor patriæ*' than the inhabitants of this interesting country. Thousands come to our shores every week who would live or die *for* ould Ireland, but who would neither live nor die *in* ould Ireland: it being a notion with PAR that the best way to enjoy himself at home is by going abroad. This patriotic and philosophical sentiment has been sometimes emulated in the land of the free and the home of the brave.

In foreign climes two arts, two sciences, engage the attention of the Hibernian: Horticulture and Architecture. Passing along the streets, the spectator is struck with façades of beautiful buildings in process of erection, adorned with picturesque Paddies in *alto relievo*, or beholds them swarming on domes like bees, excavating like moles, bridging and damming like beavers, and like

'The bird of summer
The temple-haunting martlet,'

approving 'each jutty, frieze, buttress, and coign of vantage, by his loved mansionry.' 'Where they most breed and haunt, (says SHAKESPEARE,) I have observed the air is delicate!'

Horticulture is a passion with PADDY. It is himself that makes his way through the world with POMONA in his arms. Strip him of his hoe, cast his hod to the winds, let every rung of his ambitious ladder be scattered to the corners of the earth, and PAR has still a resource. See him laden with golden oranges, with fragrant bananas, with cocoa-nuts that resemble his own head when clipped with the sheep-shears, with embossed and spiky pines! Not indigenous, but tropical fruits—exotics like himself. And did any living being ever see him eat a fruit? Never! To him they are sacred. As well might you persuade the circumcised Levite to eat the shew-bread.

PAR believes in the usefulness of meat, but was there ever seen an Irish butcher? His tender disposition prevents him trafficking in his household gods. He is more than a Brahmin in that respect. If you live in the country and lose your cow, or a favorite ram stray from the fold, look for it among your Irish neighbors. In those rude cottages, displaying on their outer walls the ragged ensigns of poverty, is hidden the jewel of charity. From pure compassion your Io or ANUS has probably been sheltered in the most comfortable and secluded part of some Irishman's barn.

Irish mechanics are not common. To be sure there are tailors and shoemakers who speak the language of BRIAN BORHEIME, but they puzzle not their heads with more abstruse and scientific mechanical pursuits. Many as we find perishing annually by steam-boat and rail-road disasters, no Hibernian has ever bethought himself of any thing to prevent the explosion of boilers. If he did

in all probability he would get it on the wrong end, and make matters worse instead of better. Whether it arise from his haughty Spanish or Scythian blood, I know not, but PAT has never made one useful invention since the beginning of the world: and in calamities like the above, as he has done nothing for his fellows, his loss is not considered as a public disaster: they give a list of the rest of the sufferers, and the Paddies are usually thrown in.

I have touched on, or rather hinted at, two virtues peculiar to PATRICK — honesty and sobriety: but there is yet an unnamed virtue belonging to him, which every body will recognize. It is his modesty. An Irish blush is the most cunning sleight of Nature's hand.

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SPECIAL EDICT

From the sky-parlor and ultimate office of the Centurion: All writers whatsoever of books, magazines, newspapers, letters, etc., etc., are hereby prohibited from using any phrases which are public property, and therefore in no wise proper to be appropriated to private use. We therefore interdict in any book, magazine, newspaper, or letter as aforesaid, all landscapes from *'stretching as far as the eye can reach,'* or the beginning of any subject *'which if pursued would fill a volume.'* Neither shall there be any more desideratums, *'the want of which has been felt for a long time ;'* nor shall any person *'leave a large circle to mourn his loss,'* or any description be given of any thing which *'beggars description.'* We also protest against any orator assuming his constituents to be *'the bone and sinew of the country,'* without adding thereto such nerves, arteries, ligaments, tendons, brains, bowels, livers, midriffs, the five senses, and, in fact, every thing which goes to make the said bones and sinews vital and valuable. Neither shall any one presume to commence life *'under the happiest auspices,'* or *'stand at the head of his profession,'* or make a simple remark which *'contains a world of truth,'* as such a thing is clearly impossible. Nor will we allow any body to *'figure conspicuously'* upon any occasion, or have a *'world-wide celebrity,'* like KELLINGER'S liniment.

Any person finding phrases of similar character to the above, and not enumerated in this edict, will please return them to this office. We intend to have them all copy-righted, and offenders will be dealt with according to law.

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THE editors regret the want of interesting poetry this month. We are compelled to avail ourselves of the scissors, and clip the following from the pages of an album:

'DEAR MARY, though these lines may fade,
And drop neglected in the dust,
Yet what I wish, my little maid,
Will surely come to pass, I trust.

'May all that's purest, rarest, best,
Be imaged ever in thy heart,
And may thy future years attest
Thee innocent as now thou art.

'Fair bloom the flowers, fair blooms the spring,
Bright shines the sun -- the starry band;
Life flies, with inexperienced wing,
Through floral fields of Morning Land.

'But where yon rosy summit glows,
Forbear to tempt the aspiring flight,
For storms those gilded clouds enclose,
And tempests beat yon glittering height.

'Ah, no! the illusive dream forego,
This precept learn, by Nature given:
From mountain heights we look below,
But in the vales we look to heaven.

'Then be thy guide the golden truth;
Keep thou thy heart serene and young,
And in thy age, as in thy youth.
Thou 'lt still be loved, and still be sung.'

We are promised for our next an epic poem in twelve books, which we shall bring out during the course of the year, one book every month.

GOSSIP WITH READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS. — We asked a most agreeable friend the other evening in the sanctum, if he would n't do us the kindness to jot down, for the entertainment of our readers, a few of the pleasant things whereof he had been speaking. He has complied with the request 'in the words following, to wit: 'Mindful of the promise made you at our parting, some six hours since, here it is, about to be redeemed. Believe me, to no one save yourself would the promise have been made, for it is a thing so very unusual for me to put pen to paper, except in the dull and rugged professional track, that I feel in making the attempt very much as our friend 'the PROFESSOR' may be supposed to have felt, when suddenly and unexpectedly called upon to officiate as 'Chaplain of the Regiment.' 'The PROFESSOR,' upon that occasion, delivered a most affecting eulogy upon the life and character of the lamented 'defunct' before him, whom he had never before seen, and did not to that moment know, even by name. To hope for 'the PROFESSOR's' success, I must have his happy 'savoir dire;' for HEAVEN knows his ignorance of the subject was not more profound than mine. Some envious auditor of that funeral oration, you may recollect, declared that it bore a strong resemblance to the Tragedy of 'HAMLET,' with the part of 'HAMLET' omitted, by particular request; but you and I know the PROFESSOR well enough to give full credit to his own assertion, that 'when he got through he was satisfied that he had made a *finished* oration.' By the way, speaking of the Tragedy of HAMLET, with the part of HAMLET omitted, reminds me of an anecdote of the meeting of SCOTT and BURNS, related the other day by your literary contemporary of 'The Times' daily journal. As far as the story is told, it is well told, thus: 'Scott, then a lad of seventeen, and just out of the High School at Edinburgh, was invited by the son of Dr. FERGUSON to accompany him to his father's house on an evening when BURNS was to be there. The two youngsters entered the room and sat down unnoticed by their seniors, looking on and listening in modest silence. BURNS, when he came in, seemed a little out of his element, and instead of mingling at once with the company, sauntered about the room, looking at the pictures upon the walls. One picture particularly arrested his attention. It represented a soldier, lying dead upon the snow; his dog on one side, and a woman with a nursing child in her arms on the other. Beneath the picture were some lines of verse descriptive of the subject, which BURNS read aloud, with a voice faltering with emotion. A little while after, turning to the company and pointing to the picture, he asked if any one could tell him who was the author of the lines. No one chanced to know excepting SCOTT, who remembered that they were from an obscure poem of LANGHORNE'S. The information, whispered by SCOTT to some one near, was repeated to BURNS; who, after asking a little more about the matter, rewarded his young informant

with a look of kindly interest, and the words, 'You'll be a man yet, Sir.' And here ends the anecdote as told in '*The Times*.' Now, is it not a little remarkable that the relator should either not have known what were the lines written beneath the picture, the reading of which caused the voice of BURNS to tremble with emotion, or, knowing them, that he should have failed to record them, with the anecdote?—for surely no one can read the story without an earnest desire to know what were the omitted lines of verse, and a corresponding surprise and disappointment that they are not stated. They occur in a forgotten poem of LANGHORNE'S, with the unpromising title of '*The Justice of the Peace*,' and are as follows:

'Cold on Canadian hills, or Minden's plain,
Perhaps that mother wept her soldier slain;
Bent o'er her babe, her eye dissolved in dew,
The big drops mingled with the milk he drew
Gave the sad presage of his future years,
The child of misery, baptized in tears.'

'The question of BURNS, 'if any one could tell him who was the author of the lines,' reminds me to ask of you the same question in relation to some lines which for a long, long time have dwelt in my memory. I have often resolved to inquire of you the authorship; but as often as we have met, our conversation has driven it from my mind. The lines are the closing ones of a poem on '*The Forging of an Anchor*;' and I have not the faintest recollection of any other line in the poem. Pray, if you can, tell me the author, and tell me if you do not think with me, that they ought to be treasured in the memory. Here they are:

'Orr, lodger in the sea-king's hall! couldst thou but understand
Whose be the white bones by thy side, or who that dripping band,
Slow swaying in the heaving waves that round about thee bend,
With sounds like breakers in a dream, blessing their ancient friend;
Oh, couldst thou know what heroes glide with larger steps round thee,
Thine iron side would swell with pride—thou'dst leap within the sea!

'Give honor to their memories, who left the pleasant strand
To shed their blood so freely for the love of father-land;
Who left their chance of quiet age, and grassy church-yard grave,
So freely, for a restless bed amid the tossing wave:
Oh! though our anchor may not be all I have fondly sung,
Honor him for their memory, whose bones he goes among!'

'By-the-by, KNICK., I see that this same literary contemporary of '*The Times*' has talked about you in print; and among other amiable things said of you, the 'little red rose always in your button-hole' comes in for a passing allusion. Now, did it never strike you that the color was not altogether in concatenation with your good old KNICKERBOCKER prejudices? Should it not rather be that of the 'House of York'? Do you remember the lines written by a lover of that house, upon presenting a white rose to his mistress of the 'House of Lancaster'?

'Should this pale rose offend thy sight,
Then place it in thy bosom fair;
'T will blush to find itself less white,
And turn Lancastrian there.'

Aren't they pretty—very pretty indeed? I repeated them to a friend of mine the other day, and asked him the same question, and what think you he replied? Why: 'They might have been worse.' Think of that: 'They might have been worse!' forsooth. Have you any such *friends* as this? I hope not, for much I doubt if you could endure such an one quite so philosophically as I can. This fellow's 'might have been worse,' however, reminds me of a very excellent story of old Dr. PARR, which I have long longed to deliver to you, and you may thank

my unappreciating friend for it now. Sir JAMES MACKINTOSH and Dr. PARR, you know, were once very intimate friends; and you know, too, that this friendship was abruptly terminated when MACKINTOSH was supposed to have abandoned his Whig principles under the influence of BURKE's *Reflections on the French Revolution*. When the coolness commenced between them, PARR made an attack upon Sir JAMES, which the latter never forgave, as he could never forget it. They were at a large meeting at 'The Club;' and the subject of the then recent conviction and execution for treason of the Irish Catholic priest QUIGLEY was adverted to. His conduct was reprobated in strong terms by MACKINTOSH; and in the course of his remarks he was frequently interrupted by PARR, who said several times emphatically, at intervals of smoking, 'He might have been worse.' PARR at length obtained what he wanted, for Sir JAMES asked him how QUIGLEY *could* have been worse. PARR laid down his pipe with deliberate composure, and replied:

'I'll tell you, JEMMY: QUIGLEY *was* an Irishman—he *might have been* a Scotchman: he *was* a priest—he *might have been* a lawyer: he *was* a traitor—he *might have been* an apostate!'

Now this seems to me very like invective! Does n't it strike *you* in that light? But if I ramble on in this helter-skelter, disconnected way much longer, it will be necessary to put an index or table of contents to my letter. Apropos of that: is there to be such a thing appended to your 'KNICK-KNACKS'? If there be, let it be, I pray, a '*trifle*' better than an index to one of CHITTY's law-books. You must know that CHITTY left indexing to his pupils. In the index to the aforesaid law-book you will find: 'Great mind—see BEST, Justice.' You turn to 'BEST, Justice,' and there you will find: 'BEST, Justice: see 'Prevarication.' You turn to 'Prevarication,' and there you will find: 'Prevarication—see 'Bail': you turn to 'Bail,' and you there find what you were seeking: 'The bail having been guilty of prevarication, BEST, Justice, had a *great mind* to commit him!' And now, dear KNICK, it is late, *very* late, and I must to bed; for if I sit up much longer in writing to you, I shall be acting the part of our antipodes: 'The hunters are up in Arabia, and they have already past their first sleep in Persia.' A safe and pleasant journey to you and yours, my friend, and a happy and speedy return!' - - - We do not 'know for certain' that the following '*Voice from the Past*' is from the pen of the writer who sketched '*The Old Garret*,' but we would be willing to make a 'conditional 'davy' that it is:

'LAST evening, as we were walking leisurely along, the music of the choirs in three churches came floating out into the darkness around us, and they were all new and strange tunes but one. And that one—it was not sung as we have heard it, but it awakened a train of long-buried memories, that rose to us even as they were before the cemetery of the soul had a tomb in it.

'It was sweet old 'Corinth' they were singing; strains we have seldom heard since the rose-color of life was blanching; and we were in a moment back again to the old village church, and it was a summer afternoon, and the yellow sun-beams were streaming through the west windows, and the silver hair of the old Deacon who sat near the pulpit was turned to gold in its light, and the minister, who we used to think could never die, so good was he, had concluded 'application' and 'exhortation,' and the village-choir were singing the last hymn, and the tune was—CORINTH.

'It is years—we dare not think how many—since then, and 'the prayers of DAVID the son of JESSE are ended,' and the choir are scattered and gone. The girl with blue eyes that sang alto, and the girl with black eyes that sang air; the eyes of the one were like a clear June heaven at night, and those of the other like the same heaven at noon. They both became wives, and both mothers, and they both died. Who shall say they are not singing 'Corinth' still, where Sabbaths never wane, and congregations never break up! There they sat, Sabbath after Sabbath, by the square column at the right of the 'leader,' and to our young eyes they were passing beautiful, and to our young ears their tones were the very 'soul of music.' That column bears still their pencilled

names, as they wrote them in those days in life's June, 183-, before dreams of change had overcome their spirit like a summer's cloud.

'Alas! that with the old singers most of the sweet old tunes have died upon the air; but they linger in memory, and they shall yet be sung again in the sweet reunion of song that shall take place by-and-by in a hall whose columns are beams of morning light, whose ceiling is pure pearl, whose floors are all gold, and where hair never turns silvery and hearts never grow old. Then she that sang alto and she that sang air will be in their places once more; for what could the choir do without them?'

A PORTION of the '*Reminiscence*' sent us from 'Maple Village,' Rhode-Island, impresses us favorably. We annex an example of the most acceptable lines, which are very autumnal in their spirit and natural in execution:

'It rains, it rains! how dark and dun
The clouds that hide the summer sun!
The wind-swept mist is cold and chill,
The marsh-bird whistles loud and shrill—
Nature's voices else are dumb;
Except the wind, except the rain
Against the shaking window-pane,
While a music-tone, from a viewless form,
I hear within my room.

'Louder now the wind doth moan,
Over hill and valley lone;
Faster flies the misty veil
Before the unrelenting gale.
On—unwavering on!
Lonely, lonely wears the day
Slowly, mournfully away;
But that music-tone I hear again,
And I am not alone.

'When I remember years by-gone,
And all life's spring-time gladness borne
By TIME's imperious hand away,
Like wreaths of mist at dawn of day,
I feel upon my cheek the tear,
The sigh that Faith cannot repress
Rises—the sigh of loneliness;
But that music-tone I hear again,
It can a spirit cheer!

'The rain was falling from the sky,
And the wind moaned fitfully,
Years ago, when ELLEN died;
She was standing by my side;
Joy was smiling on her brow,
Laughter sparkled in her eye:
But the SLEEPLESS hastened by;
Her fair cheek paled, and she sank in death,
Yet she is with me now.'

The remaining verses, to our conception, are more labored and less felicitous; although the moral, the 'joy of grief,' an

— 'unearthly state,
That buoys his soul above its fate,'

is effectively wrought out. - - - We have been 'on our travels,' of which our readers shall hear somewhat hereafter. Absence for some two weeks from town, during the middle of the month, has prevented a perusal and notice of several new works, which promise unwonted entertainment. Of these, our readers shall hear in our next number. Something, too, we had intended to say of the 'golden-voiced ALBONI,' and the delicious SONTAG, who had entranced us, in common with the town, and who have made their way at once, by the great excellence and distinct character of their genius, to the first place in the public esteem. Likewise of THACKERAY, who is about to lecture before the Mercantile Library Association. Much 'Gossip' also abides for our December 'issoo'—the last number of the present volume. The foregoing explanation will be understood by our correspondents, public and private. They shall hear from us at 'the meetest vantage of the time.' - - - A distinguished member of the New-York bar was retained on one occasion by a friend, also a New-Yorker, to attend to a complaint made against him before a New-Jersey Justice, for an alleged assault and battery upon one of the residents of the 'old Jersey State.' 'I appear for the prisoner,' said the counsellor to the modern DOGBERRY. 'You abbears for de bris'ner, do you?—and who den be you?' interrupted the justice, eyeing him from head to foot with marked curiosity: 'I to n't knows you; vair be's you come from, and vot's yer name?' The counsellor modestly gave his name, and said: 'I am a member of the New-York bar.' 'Vell den,' replied the justice, 'you ga n't bractis in dis here gort.' 'I am a counsellor of the Supreme Court of the State of New-York,' reiterated the attorney. 'Dat makes not'ing tiffer-

To this portion of his life he ever recurred with mingled pleasure and regret. An opposition to his business from a rival practitioner, heartless and unscrupulous, and hesitating at no means of vilification, at last crushed his spirit, and drove him from the place; but his brief stay there was illumined by his first and only dream of love—a love boundless in its nature, and returned with as free a spirit. But poverty broke the match, and the following epistle is among the letters returned to him at the final parting. It seems to have been written in an hour of mingled hope and anxiety; and should it interest you in the character of my poor friend, who rests now in the grave-yard on the hill, there are other papers at your service—some queer tales of the ‘resurrection’ among the number. But to the letter:

‘Bellevue Cross-Roads, Thursday night, Anno Amoris 1.

‘DEAR KATE: I left you last night in a somewhat sulky mood, and haven’t got quite over it yet. Your want of faith in the future; your disbelief that the Alleghany and Monongahela of our loves will ever terminate in the placid Ohio of matrimony, grieved me. After all, I slept tolerably well last night. I didn’t ‘bedew my pillow with tears;’ I didn’t apostrophize the moon; and now, after a little consideration, (consider, cow! consider!) I have made up my mind that what is to be *will* be; that, thanks to that blessed doctrine of decrees, fore-ordination, and the like, a man may as well sit down and let his destiny come to him, as to fret his gizzard in running after it; and furthermore, that I can see as far into a mill-stone as yourself; have as clear a view of the future as you; and consequently my opinion that we *will* do a certain thing is as good as yours that we *won’t*. And what’s more, I have the whole neighborhood of old women to back me up; while you can find but few to agree with you. ‘Public opinion is on my side.’

‘So, my dear girl, you are welcome to your opinion, only don’t keep me awake o’ nights with it; and I, more steadfast in spirit, and firmer in the faith of ‘the good time coming,’ shall continue in mine, and regardless of the result,

‘‘Act in the living Present;
Heart within and God o’erhead.’’

‘Oh, the sweets of matrimony! In at my open window comes a sound of woe. FRANK R——’s spider-legged young-one is crying a perfect storm; not one of your short ‘spells of weather,’ such as no one is to blame for in this ‘vale of tears,’ but a steady, persistent outcry, which has lasted an hour, and bids fair to last another:

‘‘Blow winds and crack your cheeks!’’

‘I had rather hear B——’s dogs howl the night away. I suppose it would be out of character to go and throw stones at the house. After all, the poor child is not to blame. I’d cry myself if I had such a ‘da-da.’

‘‘But hark! The music all is ground;
The air again is still!’’

‘Forgive me, patient mother! looking down in pity on thy baby’s upturned, woful face, if my heart, hardened by its own griefs, answered not in sympathy to its wail of suffering! Poor thing! it’s ‘colicky!’

‘There’s another *fine moon* to-night, but its kindly influence cannot reach me through brick walls. I am in a state of unrest; my chair do n’t sit easy: I write by spasms, and chew tobacco vehemently in the intervals. I have got a diagram of the whole chain of lakes upon the floor. Half the books in my book-case are upside down, and it seems as if that plethoric copy of ‘Watson’s Practice’ would have the head-ache: nay, there is danger of congestion, apoplexy even, standing so by hours on its head.

‘Oh, give me rest!—any thing but this jail-bird feeling of uneasiness and *malaise*. I would like to look down the stream of Time, and see it a fair river, on whose banks are luscious fruits and golden vistas, which nod to my touch and open to my gaze, as I float dreamily along, softly cushioned in a gilded boat, and lazily reach for the one, or turn my eye to the other. Here and there should lie sweet islands, where I could moor my craft awhile and roll in clover-beds; while above should rest a sky, deep-blue and clear, with only just enough of light and fleecy clouds to draw my thoughts to Heaven: and then I could resume my voyage; until, calmly and slowly, with shut and sleepy eye, I dropped into eternity to be forgotten!

‘But there’s no such luck as that for me. Life’s river is an unpoetic stream, and thus far it has been more like a voyage on the Erie canal in a line-boat, bumping through locks and paying heavy tolls; while ever and anon some rascal cuts my tow-line and jams me aground on the heel-

path, to pry off painfully with setting-poles. Oh, merciless driver! drag me no farther thus heels foremost! Please to knock the horses down, and leave the old craft here to rot; and whatever it has of valuable things in its cargo, to sink beneath the stagnant waters, in company with the gray rats which inhabit it. But no! The immitigable driver FATE lays on the whip, and the unwilling horses plod along. Thank God, old canal! you had your origin in a broad blue lake, where mighty steam-boats smoke along, and white-sailed vessels ply, and your end is in a noble river, where the sun-light rests on all that's beautiful! Crack along, driver! Put 'em through! We'll take our time in going down the Hudson!

'Dear KATE, read and ponder!—and tell me in your next that you are ready for either fate; to float quietly down Life's river with me, or (needs must when the d—l drives) go cook on the canal-boat!

Ever and for ever yours,

JAMES

WE beg, with due consideration, to say to the correspondent who sends us an ill-spelled letter from a certain place in Texas, to a brother and sister at the North, that we are not at all disposed to 'make fun' out of such a simple record of affection. We look with a much more favorable eye upon the perhaps unavoidable ignorance of the writer, than upon the taste or the heart of the man who could ridicule it, when displayed as in the letter before us. Our anonymous correspondent will pardon our 'plain speaking.' - - - WE have 'a kind of an idea' that if we were about to ask permission of a father to pay our addresses to his daughter, or to solicit her hand in marriage, we should not write just such a letter as the following; which, by the by, is a veritable epistle, from which however (of course) the names of the parties are omitted:

'DEAR UNCLE: You perhaps are aware that each and all of us upon entering the threshold of life, and particularly when we arrive at an age when our Ideas become permanently fixed our Judgment better matured we seriously think of securing a companion one that we believe will love us with patience anxiously cheer us in making our moments pursuits and years glide happily in our rugged paths through this world of sin and woe Yes how lovely indeed it is too see the attachments of two individuals linked in unison participating in the same joys endure the same sorrows and rejoice and weep in mutual love together revealing and disclosing to each other at all times the inmost secrets of the heart how miserable to sustain the thought there is not a solitary being the world over that gives us one thought that cares the least for us how different how changed the scene when we have one we can clasp to our bosoms and exclaim dearly dearly do I love you being one in feeling one in sentiment and for ever one living for each other Yes dear uncle how lovely how pleasant how pleasing indeed it is to see two individuals in the last stage of decrepitude associated arm in arm perhaps going to the house of God or to see some near relative loving and still living on through as I have often repeated through all ills and through all woes still from beginning to the close of their lives the same unabated in their affections until it pleaseth PROVIDENCE our just and merciful God in his wise instrumentality to call them hence to for ever sleep the sleep of death I feel proud to say I have the honor to be the member of a family who are affectionately united in the bonds of love together For the last 26 years I have been associated asside of a kind affectionate mother Much very much have I profited by her kind counsel her good advice The great truths in which I have from her therein inculcated to at all times regard affection the first paramount and ruling principle of life circumstances now being such and knowing the esteem in which you hold and have always held for the family in which I as a member represent it would please me much indeed to be still more closely united and connected with the family in which you as a member are the head Therefore with your consent I would be pleased to become more intimate better acquainted and pay my attentions to your youngest Daughter Miss ——— if she is under no formal engagements And should such meet with your cordial consent it would afford me the highest pleasure if after becoming more better acquainted and every thing is satisfactory to all and every party to further complete those bonds which tend to complete and seal our bliss and happiness Well convinced as I am that through a kind attention to her needful wants her happiness and comfort she would love me with increased devotion and lasting affection few few there are that are always unflinching steadfast and true to any one great principle few that could suffer and undergo any and every privation for those they devotedly love Having as I again repeat arrived at my 27 year reached the period in life formed and cultivated my mind a period and an age only in which young men form govern and on all points control and weigh with decision every point in regard to a correct future course of conduct or life an age and a time as regards my self

that I think suitable to secure to select a companion knowing as I do that our happiness never can be permanently secured so long as we remain in the path of single Blessedness and being by nature affectionate and believing as I do we was born to love and being my self of a domestick turn I therefore for those reasons and many others in which I could here enumerate take the step I now do In anxious hope and solicitude I shall patiently wait hoping that those my wishes and desires will by you be fully granted satisfactory to myself Closing by invoking the blessings of ALMIGHTY God the giver of good gifts that He will so lead gide and direct all our thoughts pursuits and actions standing as we do on The brink of a precipice lick meek and slaughtered lambs subject to His will the breath of our nostrils being at His command to fit and prepare us to receive His crowning love and mercy in His kingdom of rest if such there be on the great and final day Remaining sincerely and affectionately with much esteem and regard your kind nephew,

Now we 'respectfully beg leave to inquire,' whether or no a note somewhat like the ensuing would not have better answered the purpose? The long letter failed of its object. The writer's proposition was as speedily as it was 'respectfully' declined:

'DEAR SIR: I write this to ask your consent to my marriage with your daughter, who has won, and who reciprocates, my deep-seated attachment. As the language of love is brief, I add no more, save that I remain, dear Sir,

'Your Daughter's devoted Lover,

JERONIM P. COLEBURN'

'Love' and other letters, in this style, furnished to order, and at the shortest notice, for a 'reasonable consideration!' - - - 'You have dug into a great many things curiously enough,' writes the author of the following lines to the Editor, 'but did you ever dig a well?—a real genuine well, at the homestead, thirty to forty feet deep; plumb down into the breast of Mother EARTH, until you struck a secret conduit of the pure element? Of course you never did: but suppose you *had*, and just at the point of the glorious issue of your patient and hopeful toil, laid your ear down and heard the pulsing of the circulation in the old maternal bosom, and fancied that still deeper you could hear and feel the measured throbbing of her great benevolent heart? And then, from this deep and solemn recess, suppose you had looked up through the long dim shaft to the clear sky, and seen at noonday the bright stars shining as at midnight? You will own, my apocryphal friend, that under such circumstances thoughts might and must have come crowding and congregating in the chambers of the brain, which would not be likely to depart quite as suddenly as an impatient congregation before the benediction is fairly said, but would have tarried long in earnest inquiry, until you perchance had become a graver and 'a wiser man.' Not that you lack gravity or wisdom on occasion: by no means: but you have never dug for truth in a well! We know you too 'well' for that, even up here in the wild hills and glens of the 'Southern Tier.' I hope you may be able to see that the subject has poetry in it, although by no means developed in the unskilful 'handling' below:

TRUTH IN A WELL.

Once at mid-day toiled a youth
In the bottom of a well,
Delving for no mystic truth
Down where sun-light never fell.

All he sought was the revealing
Of some stream from living fountain,
Through EARTH's hidden arteries stealing
From the heart of yonder mountain:

Which should spring, a well of joy
To the sacred homestead ever;
Sweet and pure without alloy,
And bounteous as the all-bounteous RIVER.

Upward looked he to the light
And the span of sky afar,
And behold, as at midnight,
Shone at noon a sparkling star!

Then first learned he that the sun
And the glare and sif of day
Were but shrouds and darkness dun
To the high and far away:

That the light, so prized, which made
The Near palpable around us,
But the tyrant with us played,
And to dust with short chain bound us.

Only when the darkness falls,
Veiling all the objects nigh,
Look we freely o'er these walls
To the glorious spheres on high!

THE following is the communication from 'ANTIQUITAS,' a clergyman in York, Pennsylvania, touching the '*Talk of Antiquity*,' to which we made brief reference in our last number. It bears date as late as May last:

'LOOKING over your March number this afternoon, a '*Talk of Antiquity*' arrested me. In perusal, it seemed more a talk of *iniquity*, from the manner in which the case was managed. Won by the title, and the spirit of the composition, I, all ardent, dived into the piece; but soon felt like a wight who hastily fills his mouth with an unmellow persimmon, to find it presently drawn up; or, in place of a sugar-plum, I had gotten a *rasp-berry*.

'I wish your correspondent would leave MOSHEIM and NEANDER, especially the first, the most notoriously prejudiced of chroniclers, attractive and racy though he be. He comes booming upon us from his misty 'Father-land;' a land, in many cases, of skepticism, schism, and transcendentalism, of rich and rare imaginings, yet in religious credence of doubtful authority, sometimes.

'But softly: is there no other writer to *vindicate* the 'Fathers of the Church'?—no other archives where may be treasured reminiscences of these time-honored worthies? We know of *one*, at least. Let our soi-disant critic disabuse him, by 'CAVE's Lives of the Fathers, of the First Four Hundred Years.' Let him there read, in the life of that so contemptuously-called 'JOHN,' by others 'Golden-Mouth,' a master-piece of the pathetic. Let a review of the life of ATHANASIUS show what part that Saint took to rescue the TRINITY from desecration: and then, to relieve the mind, after the stormy scene, by resting its vision on the next biography, St. BASIL. Behold him modestly rising before us like a 'BASIL-tuft,' with the '*Noli Episcopari*' upon his lips; preferring humbly to serve God with the devoted brotherhood in the calm monastic life, rather than accept the more ambitious calling of a Bishop. What an example of humility!

'An objection is raised that no one reads the ponderous volumes of the Fathers. Where is the example of Archbishop USHER? One such is worth that of a host of hypercritics. Had every age shrunk from laborious religious research, we might not, at this day, have understood the BIBLE. Had ORIGEN lazily refused to search and expound the Scriptures, we of the nineteenth century might have them now almost as a dead-letter, the very dust of whose neglected noble monuments is sacred, classic and golden: more precious than the lamina of California.

'Your correspondent eschews *tradition*. Let him find in it even the doctrine of the TRINITY. That magna-charta of the Christian's hope, never doubted, though misunderstood, by the Jews themselves,* and which, like a sheet-anchor, is apparent to steady and protect the ship of Faith in its stormy voyage to eternity, is a species of tradition, constructively at least. Antiquity, tradition and Scripture, in all their voluminous church-explication, how much better than the by-path 'short-cut' to heaven of modern times!—times full of new inventions, of spirit-rappings and hobgoblin theories: these trifling wires of a telegraph, compared to the grand Applan Way of the olden time!

WE respectfully call the attention of our friends throughout the Union to our *Prospectus* in the present number. The new terms to *Clubs*, we have no doubt, will double at least our present number of those valuable 'institutions.' Postage, now, is next to nothing; and we should be glad if our editorial friends—from whom we have never received any thing but that *kind* of kindness which makes us glory in our professional *esprit de corps*—would mention this fact, in connection with a reference to our new club-arrangements.

* ETHEAN SMITH, Pastor, of Vermont, in the Episcopate.

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